

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## WHO CARES ABOUT OUR BABIES?

### THE LEAGUE LOSES A CHILD

#### REST OF THE FAMILY QUITE WELL

The Millions of People  
Governed For Geneva

#### A RICH LITTLE BABY

Now that the Saar Territory has been handed back to Germany the League has lost one of its children, but it still remains responsible for the Free City of Danzig.

This important post on the Baltic is under the authority of a High Commissioner directly responsible to the Council of the League.

The other children of the League range in size from Tanganyika to the tiny island of Nauru in the Pacific, which is the Baby of the League. All these lands are called Mandated Territories, because the League entrusts them to certain of its members, who send to Geneva an annual report of their trusteeship.

#### Mandate Regulations

In granting each Mandate the League laid down such regulations as

- The prohibition of all slavery
- Strict control of drink and drugs.
- No traffic in arms.
- Entire freedom of religion.
- An open door for trade and immigration.
- Native troops to be used for defence only.

Education and the general raising of civilised conduct are to be encouraged. Natives are given the power of petitioning the League, and any Member State has the right of complaining if it considers the terms of a Mandate are not being fulfilled.

One of the League's children, Iraq, has become a full Member State of the League. Here the British Government was the Mandatory Power, sharing in the credit of this achievement.

#### Iraq and Palestine

Iraq belonged to the first of the three classes into which the League divided its territories because they had reached a stage at which they could almost stand alone. The others in this class are:

PALESTINE, which, as a national home for the Jews and as a country in which an Arab population retains full rights, has made considerable progress; while its hinterland

TRANSJORDANIA has been given an independent government under the Amir Abdullah; and

SYRIA and LEBANON, which are republics with a combined area of 60,000 square miles under a French Mandate. Syria has had a Constitution since 1930.

Under the B Mandate are a group of countries in Africa which have their own administration, provided by the guardian countries.

The other children of the League (the C class), sparsely populated and remote

### Noah's Ark Sunday



Every year the Heritage Craft Schools at Chalvey in Sussex have a Noah's Ark Sunday, when the boys march in procession to a service carrying animal signs.

from civilisation, are administered as integral parts of the countries to which they have been mandated.

Tanganyika and small parts of Togoland and the Cameroons are under the British flag. The larger areas of Togoland and the Cameroons are under a French Mandate. These lands and two small districts, Ruanda and Urundi, are under Belgian guardianship in the B class.

Of the remaining children South-West Africa is the largest in area and is administered by the Union of South Africa. Special Commissioners look after its natives, and there is every prospect of it becoming a sixth province of South Africa though still subject to the Mandate.

Australia was granted the Mandate for the former German territory in New Guinea, the hundred islands of the Bismarck Archipelago, and the mountainous Solomon Islands. New Zealand is responsible for nine of the Samoan

Islands. All these islands are south of the Equator and their administration is excellent.

North of the Equator Japan has the Mandate for the Pacific children of the League. They are the Ladrone Islands, the Carolines, and the Marshall Islands.

Last, but not least, very rich in phosphates, is Nauru. This island is under the joint care of the British, Australian, and New Zealand Governments, which take turns in appointing an Administrator. In addition to 1500 natives 1000 Chinese live here, helping to mine and export the annual supply of 400,000 tons of phosphate. The League was concerned about the Chinese as well as the natives and its rules are carefully obeyed on this lonely island.

A Permanent Commission of the League watches over all these children, and there is ample proof that its work makes millions of human beings happier and healthier.

### THE TOWER COLUMBUS BUILT HIS FIRST COLONIES IN THE NEW WORLD

The Spot Where the Immortal  
Discoverers Settled

#### WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

The home in which the first Spaniards who settled in America lived has been found after having been lost to sight for over 400 years.

An American of Tulane University, Maurice Ries, has been searching Haiti, and now claims to have found the exact site where Columbus made his first settlement in the New World.

Mr Ries has found evidence of the expedition of Columbus in a signet ring of his patron Queen Isabella and in some small bells which Columbus recorded as having been exchanged for gold in trading with the natives.

#### A Dramatic Story

The story of this ill-fated settlement is one of the most dramatic in history. Columbus first touched land at an island which is generally believed to be Watling Island, and then voyaged on and discovered Cuba and Haiti. Off Haiti one of his three ships, the Santa Maria, stranded. It was impossible to refloat the ship, so it was unloaded.

Columbus then decided to leave its crew as a colony on the island, and set to work to build a fortified tower from the timbers of the stranded ship. He called this fort La Navidad, and 44 men took up their abode in it to await the return of a second expedition, which their courageous leader had already determined on. Columbus duly recorded the site of this tower and of a large cellar in his log book and sailed home.

On his second voyage, ten months later, the explorer returned to La Navidad but found the fort burned to the ground, and not a living soul left to tell him what had happened. It is supposed that the members of this first colony in the New World were slain by natives.

#### The Greed of Gold

Mr Ries describes this site as one of the most desolate places in the New World. It is on Mount St Michel on the swampy coast of Cap Haiti Harbour, near a fishing village called Petit Anse.

This is not the only discovery Mr Ries has made. He has found ruins of Isabella, the second colony Columbus set up, which proved equally disastrous owing to the greed of gold and mutinous conduct of the colonists. There still remain mounds four feet high which follow the outline of actual buildings described in the log of Columbus, and a mile away Mr Ries has found the actual quarries from which Columbus obtained stones for his settlement. *See World Map*



## 562 STATES IN AN EMPIRE

### WHO ARE THE INDIAN PRINCES?

#### Native Rulers of a Population Twice As Big As England's FRIENDS OF THE EMPIRE

There has been a lot of rather wild talk as to the attitude of the Indian princes toward the Government of India Bill.

The princes are not, of course, proposing to turn their backs on the great federal plan which they themselves proposed for the new Constitution. They are still entirely in agreement with the principle, but there are many details which have to be adjusted in building up a complete plan. The Government has promised that these rulers of independent States shall lose nothing of their full power or dignity.

#### Romantic Figures

Who are these princes to whom the Government has given its word and whom it would never attempt to coerce?

There are few more romantic figures in the world than the Indian princes. They govern nearly two-fifths of India and about eighty millions of its people. They have had the unique privilege of having been able to rule their States for generations without any risk of interference from a foreign Power or from jealous neighbours in India.

The result has been that these great potentates have gained in wealth (some are fabulously rich), in dignity (for most of them are entitled to salutes of up to 21 guns), and in actual capacity for governing. In addition to the princes there are many small chieftains.

#### Agreements and Treaties

Altogether there are no fewer than 562 of these native rulers, and with all of them the British Government has agreements and treaties setting out their independence and their rights. In return for the protection we accord to them and their subjects they have agreed not to make war and not to send ambassadors to each other or to States outside India. They have also granted the Government of India the control of Customs, Posts and Telegraphs, and the Currency, realising the mutual advantage of such undivided control. All these native rulers recognise our King as their Emperor, and the Viceroy acts for the Crown in all our relations with these native princes. Usually a political agent or resident lives in a native State or group of States to advise on policy and so on, while in certain small States serious criminal cases are reserved for the agent to decide.

Their method of government is practically autocratic. We may say that there are more dictators in India than anywhere else in the world, but many of the princes have called on Ministers and Councils from among their subjects to help them, so that no two States are governed quite alike.

#### The Council of Princes

The most populous native State is Hyderabad, with 14,500,000 people in its 82,000 square miles. Kashmir is slightly larger, but this mountainous land has only one-fifth as many people. Mysore, Gwalior, and Baroda are famous States; while others are linked geographically as Punjab, Madras, Bombay, Central Provinces States, and so on.

In 1921 a Council of Princes was established for discussion of mutual interests, and when a conference was convened in London in 1930 to discuss the future Constitution of British India the princes voluntarily suggested that they should bring their States in to form part of a Federal Government of All India. This proposal broadened the whole scheme, and is one of the main features of the India Bill now being discussed at Westminster.

## TELEPHONE WONDERS

### The Talking Clock and the Time Signal

#### ANNOUNCING THE MINUTES AS THEY PASS

If you want to know the time ask the telephone and it will tell you.

This is one of the new developments the Postmaster-General has announced to a world which is ceasing to be surprised at the amazing inventions associated with this instrument.

The invention which tells the time is a clock which announces the hour, the minute, and the second when the subscriber dials the appropriate number.

It is a contrivance with a complicated series of talking film tracks mounted on revolving glass discs.

One will say the words, It is now—; another will add the number of minutes and a third the number of seconds, while a fourth will say, Past six o'clock.

A master clock will control these discs in such a way that those parts of them repeating the numbers of the hour, minutes, or seconds are brought into action at the correct time.

#### What a Little Box Does

Other new developments are the time signal which will announce the minutes as they pass to those who are holding a conversation through a trunk line. Another is the autodial, a little box which will automatically bring the subscriber into touch with any one of a selected number of subscribers whom he most frequently rings up.

The names of the subscribers will be printed on the dial and all the subscriber will have to do will be to move a pointer to the required name and the instrument will do the rest. It transmits the correct electric messages to the automatic telephone and gets the number.

Then there is a new system which enables a caller to obtain an extension by the mere pressure of a button. This will save the time wasted when a call is put through to the head of one department and he finds that the head of another will be able to deal with the inquiry more efficiently.

## ENDING THE GREAT WAR

### One More Chapter Closed

*Please thank the countries that sent their soldiers to the Saar.*

That was the request sent to the League of Nations by Sir Geoffrey Knox, president of the Saar Commission, and the League has sent it on to the countries concerned.

It is happy confirmation of what we knew would happen, of what every country expects of its troops. Punctual arrival, in spite of very short notice; good discipline, good conduct, so that there was no friction with the population; intelligent cooperation between the different commands; good order maintained by the Commission as a result of the presence of the international force.

So ended a most historic and successful experiment in international government and goodwill, closing a bitter chapter of the Great War.

#### UNDER NELSON

Mrs Mary Thornton, a member of a family working on the Thames for 200 years, has died at Greenwich aged 97. All but one of her eight brothers and sisters lived to well over 70.

Her husband fought at Inkerman, while her father, who also died at 97, served under Nelson.

Two badgers have been found electrocuted on the Southern Railway near Belmont, Surrey.

Mr Shoyo Tsubouchi, the Japanese translator of Shakespeare, has passed on at 76.

## HE GAVE HIS LIFE AND FORTUNE

### The Viennese Who Loved Our Country

#### A DOCTOR AND HIS NEW PENNIES

A well-kept secret has been revealed in the news of the passing of Dr Ernest Ofenheim, who was on the staff of St John's Hospital at Lewisham.

Dr Ofenheim came to England from Vienna over 30 years ago, and loved our country so much that he became naturalised. In 1906 he joined the voluntary staff of St John's Hospital, which then had only 30 beds, and it is entirely due to his interest and generosity that the hospital is now one of the best equipped of London's free hospitals, with 100 beds and a Nurses Home.

For 25 years he gave his services freely. During the war, when there was no resident medical officer, he was ready to come at any hour of day or night to the relief of sick or wounded. He gave houses for extensions, practically all the land on which the hospital now stands, and a children's ward named after his daughter Angela, who is also a doctor.

It was as a children's doctor that he was perhaps best known, for the story of his new pennies spread far and wide. He sent bags of them to the hospital so that all his little patients should have a new penny every Sunday.

These children also owed to him many happy hours spent in a sand garden on the roof. The boys and girls of the Shaftesbury Society's Cripple Parlour will miss him too.

Dr Ofenheim's secret gifts to St John's were altogether worth more than £50,000. The Prince of Givers he might have been called had the world known what he was doing.

## PASSING OF A CREATOR OF BEAUTY

### The Prose and Poetry of Shan Bullock

*Turn the shutters wide :  
Let the stars look down,  
Millions of friendly eyes  
Watching o'er field and town ;  
Far in the deep where lie  
Wonder, hope, mystery,  
Ah, when the stars look down  
The soul has peace in me !*

The author of these lovely lines, Shan Bullock, has passed away, having created much beautiful work in prose and poetry.

All his poetry breathed this keen love of the beauty of the Earth and expressed a thoughtful and contented mind. It was only in his later years that Mr Bullock wrote poetry, but he had already won fame as a novelist, whose fine prose earned the praise of Thomas Hardy.

Born at Crom in Fermanagh, he was an Irishman who came to London as a clerk at Somerset House. All his early novels give a faithful picture of life in Northern Ireland, but Robert Thorne is a study of a London clerk. Shan Bullock succeeded George Moore in the Irish Academy of Letters.

As a critic he was tender and fine and true, and as a man he was the kindest of the kind and altogether lovable.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Caucasus	Kaw-ka-sus
Gemini	Jem-e-ny
Gwalior	Gwah-le-or
Ruanda	Ru-ahn-da
Urundi	Oo-roon-de

## THRONE GIVEN UP IN A COUNTRY HOUSE

### A King and the Liberty of His People

In a quiet country house in Surrey King Prajadhipok has of his own free will abdicated from the throne of Siam.

He has taken this step because his view of what constitutes political freedom is entirely opposed to that of his Government. In consequence he has addressed his letter of abdication to the people of Siam instead of to his ministers. His reasons are of great interest, as they show how the principles of government which he learned as a student in England differ from those prevailing more and more in other countries in these years of stress.

Briefly King Prajadhipok has abdicated because he refused to become the representative of a party instead of the State as a whole; he has abjured the modern Fascist State. He was willing, he said, to surrender his former power to the people, but refused to surrender it to any individual or party so that it could be used in an autocratic way.

#### A Peaceful Revolution

King Prajadhipok succeeded to the throne in 1925 and until 1932 reigned as an absolute monarch. Then the Army and Navy formed a People's Party, and a peaceful revolution led to a Constitutional Monarchy with a constitution under which supreme power was invested in the nation. The King was to rule through a Council selected from an elected Assembly of the People's Representatives.

For a few months things ran smoothly, but the Commander-in-Chief quarrelled with the moderate Prime Minister, carried out another revolution, and dismissed many capable ministers in order to pack the Assembly with nominees from his own party. This the king refused to do and has given up his throne.

The heir to the throne is Prince Ananda, a little boy who is at a preparatory school in Lausanne.

## BEARER OF A FAMOUS NAME

### A Crime Against a Grandfather

The grandson of a painter whose pictures have influenced artists everywhere and have brought peace into the hearts of millions of humble men and women has been doing a very wicked thing.

Living and working at Fontainebleau, the very place immortalised by his grandfather, Jean François Millet, he has been painting pictures in his grandfather's style and forging his signature upon them. By this means he has been selling his own work at a greatly enhanced value.

He has been sent to prison, but nothing can wipe out the stain he has made on one of the most honoured names in France, famous all over the world for The Angelus and other lovely scenes from rustic life.

## THINGS SAID

Armaments cost us £10 per head per year. The League costs 1d per head.

Sir Norman Angell

Take your choice—it lies between a real Territorial army or militarism.

Sir Ian Hamilton

In ancient Greece life was a work of art and art was a work of life.

Mr Martin Armstrong

It is just as easy to build a beautiful bridge as an abortion of cast iron.

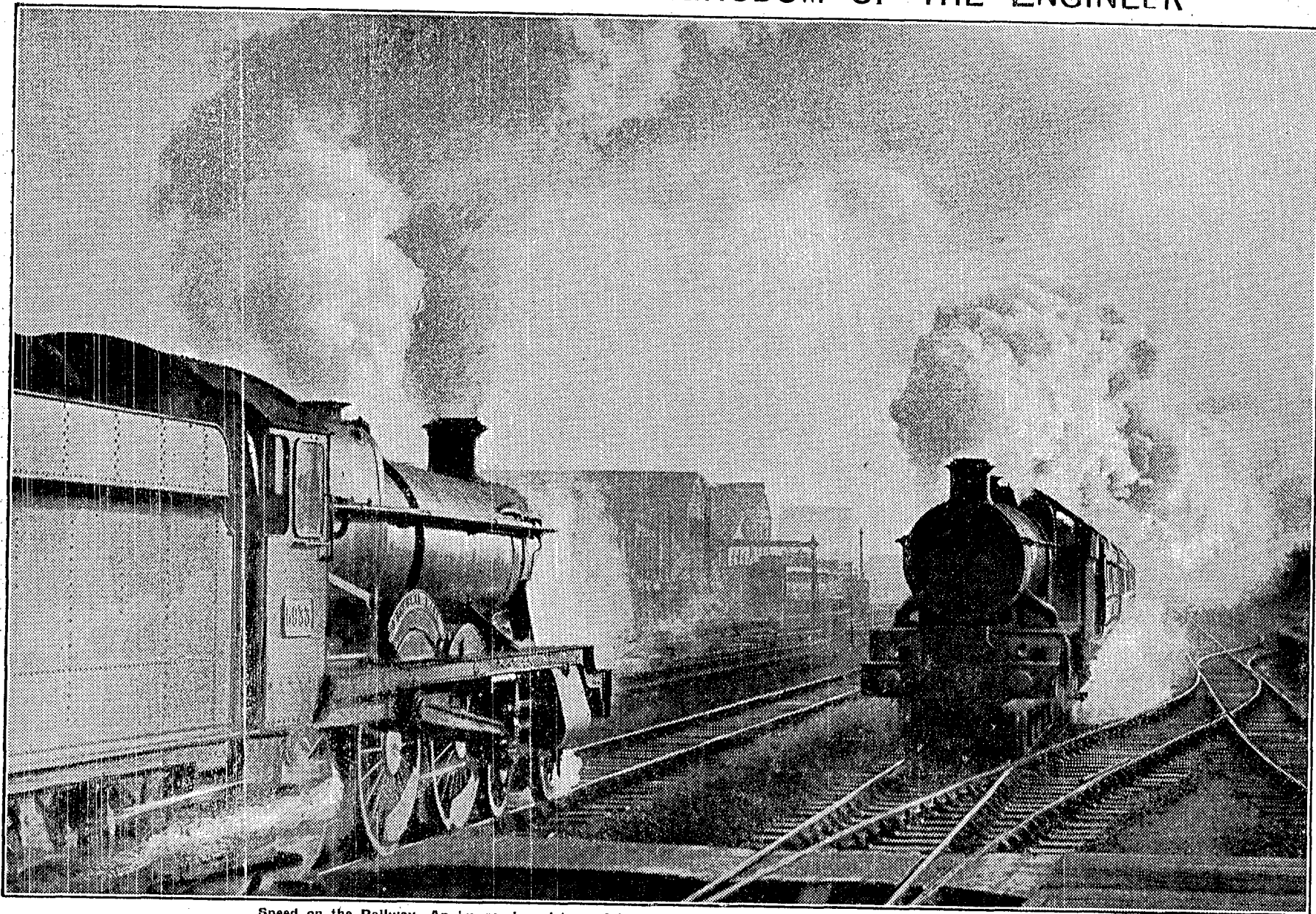
Mr Baldwin

The most common cause of accidents in factories is shuffling in motion.

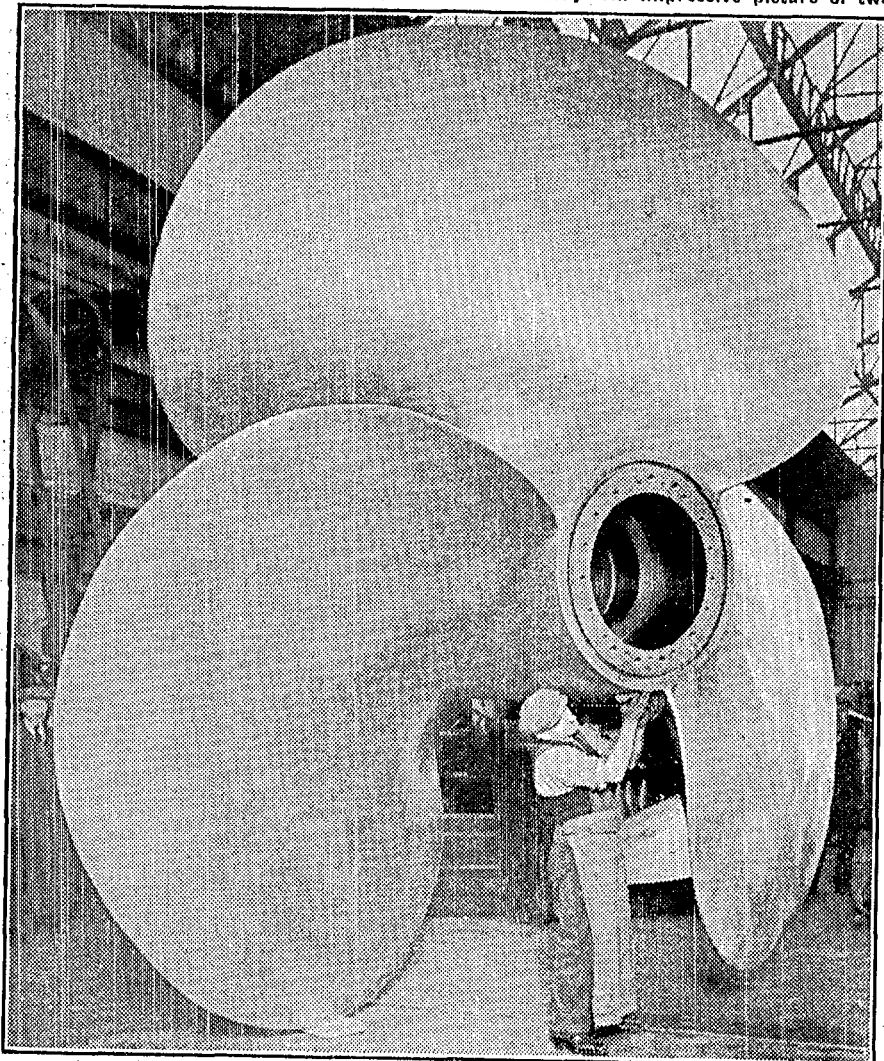
Chief Inspector of Factories



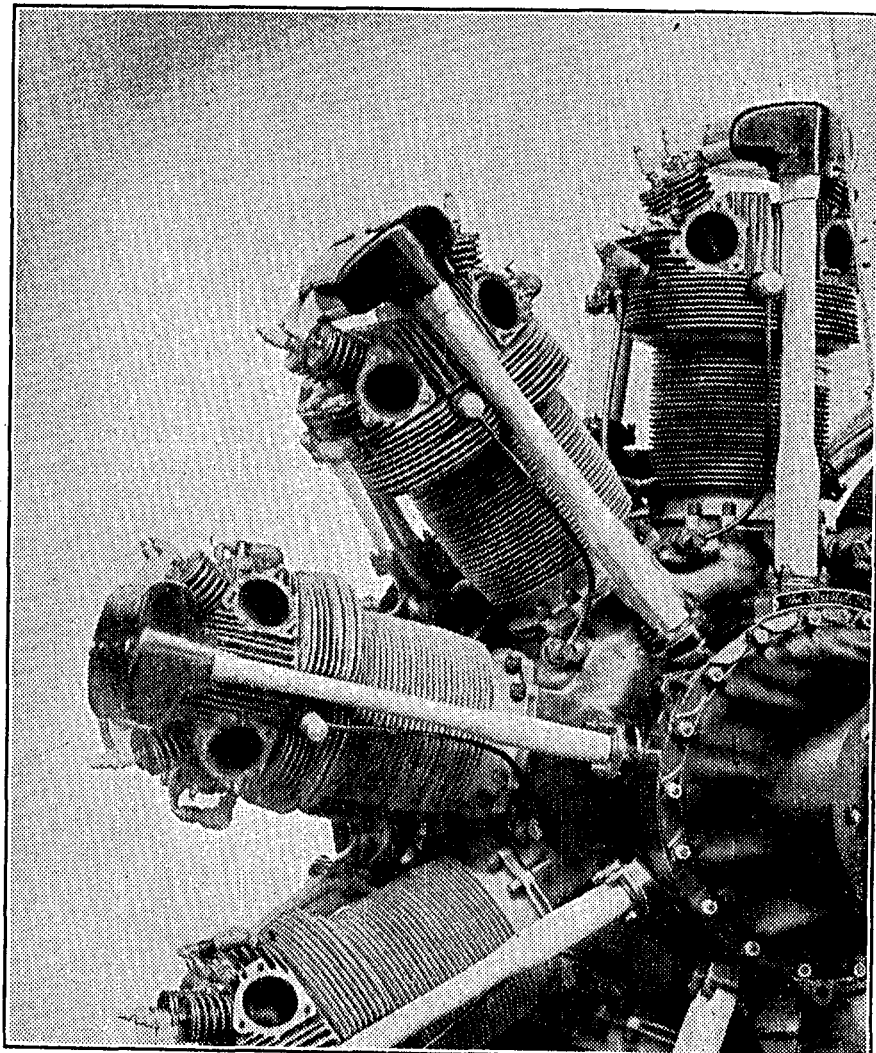
# LAND, SEA, AND AIR—THE KINGDOM OF THE ENGINEER



Speed on the Railway—An impressive picture of two express trains about to pass one another near Slough.



Giant Liner's Propeller—Here is one of the four screws of the French liner Normandie. Made of bronze, they weigh 23 tons each, and are 16 feet across.



Power—This picture shows the details of a Bristol aero-engine. In this type of power unit the cylinders are ranged round the shaft of the air-screw.



# WHO WAS TO BLAME FOR THE DEATH OF GORDON?

THE story of Gordon's death at Khartoum was sent out by the B.B.C. in a play by Mr Peter Cresswell, a dramatic representation which we found enthralling. The effect of Mr Cresswell's play was to give the impression that Gordon was wantonly abandoned by the Government which sent him out, and that his death is a blot on his country's fame.

GENERAL GORDON must be counted among our heroes; there are those who would count him among the saints. No man ever lived a more romantic life, whether we think of him gathering poor boys about him at Gravesend, crusading against slavery in Africa, or marching triumphantly with his armies in China.

In the days when he was organising the Thames forts he would gather poor boys about him at night and read to them. He would have them at his house on Sunday and would meet them at the Ragged School. He fed them and clothed them and found them work. He ordered boots for them in hundreds of pairs, making himself penniless.

This extraordinary man would go about the lanes of Kent leaving tracts on stiles. He had keys made for his garden gate which he gave to old people. He melted down a gold medal given to him by China and sent it anonymously to help the starving people in the Lancashire cotton famine. Who could help loving a man like that?

It must be said of him that he was not wholly of this world. He believed in God as the ruler of his life from hour to hour; he felt himself in the Unseen Presence. Nothing could destroy in him the conviction that God was with him and would lead him to his destiny. We of the C.N. believe that too, and would that all men so believed; but in the hard world of reality we must deal with the facts as we find them, and the truth is that, with all his noble qualities, with all his spiritual exaltation, with a courage that has never been surpassed and a fearlessness that never failed, General Gordon was not the right man to send to Khartoum.

THE situation was that the Egyptian Government, with our help, was loosely holding the Sudan beyond its southern borders, and that the rise of rebellion there called for desperate measures. We were in Egypt to keep order and safety on one of the vital highways of the world, and it was proposed that the Egyptian garrisons should be withdrawn from the Sudan and that our efforts should be concentrated on Egypt. The Sudanese had risen to follow a wild man called the Mahdi and there had been tragic disasters in the desert. A demand arose in this country that General Gordon should be sent out to evacuate the Sudan; it was largely through a crusade in Fleet Street by Mr Stead, a famous editor of those days, that Mr Gladstone's Government decided to send him.

## Gordon's Goodbye

Gordon went to the War Office and saw four ministers, Lord Wolseley having spoken to him as he went in. They said, Did Wolseley tell you your orders? He said Yes; you will not guarantee future government of the Sudan and you wish me to go up and evacuate now. They said Yes, and Gordon left at 8 p.m.

He went almost as he was, like a man inspired and in need of nothing. A Cabinet minister took his ticket, a general carried his bag, and a royal duke opened the carriage door. Lord Wolseley gave him his pocket money. So Gordon went away, his orders being to evacuate the Sudan.

From that time the confusion begins, and the most ardent admirer of General Gordon cannot acquit him of his share of responsibility. He changed his views repeatedly, and in the end converted his mission into something greatly different from what the Government intended when they sent him out. Though it may not be literally true to say that he disobeyed instructions, he gave his instructions new interpretations to which the Government only reluctantly agreed.

Gordon arrived at Khartoum in February 1884, having called at Cairo on the way. He thought our diplomats were arrant humbugs, but he met one of the best of them, who was to become Lord Cromer and was our representative in Egypt. To the end of his days it was one of Lord Cromer's regrets that he allowed himself to be persuaded against his will to agree to the appointment of General Gordon, for he found out early what most people were to find out late, that Gordon's mind was so erratic, so changeable, that it was impossible to rely on him. Such showers of telegrams he had from Khartoum that he had to weed out those which he imagined to represent his mature opinions and those which were mere bubbles thrown up by an imaginative brain. If we remember this picture of Gordon at Khartoum, he at one end of a telegraph wire and the Government at the other, we shall be in a better position to come to a fair decision about what happened.

## The Changing Situation

HE had gone out to evacuate the Sudan, understanding it and approving it, but on his arrival in Cairo he obtained from the Khedive his appointment of Governor-General of the Sudan, and on reaching Khartoum he formed plans for conquering the Mahdi and maintaining Egyptian rule. He had made a great mistake by letting it be known that the Sudan was to be evacuated, and the effect of this was to rally the tribes to the Mahdi, who marched north as Gordon went south to Khartoum, so that at last they surrounded him there.

Gordon had found Khartoum, as he himself said, as safe as Kensington, and who can doubt that he could then have carried out his original instructions to evacuate the town. But the peaceful evacuation was now impossible, and the question was what to do next. Gordon had gradually got into a position in which he thought it would be dishonourable to come away and leave the garrisons, but the garrisons could only be extricated by an expedition. The fault of the Government was in delaying the relief expedition after it knew that Gordon was shut off. The soldiers debated and fought with each other from April to August about the right sort of expedition and the right route to take, and it was this delay which ever since has given the critics of the Government their effective cry of Too Late, for when the expedition did arrive at last the tragedy was complete; Gordon had been killed two days before.

## Excuses For Everyone

There are excuses for everyone, but the truth appears to be that the Government was extremely bewildered by Gordon's change of front and his handling of the situation. Nothing could be farther from the truth than to think that here was a plain soldier doing his plain duty with a Government that cared nothing and let him die. No doubt a Government should rule and know its own mind, but the pity of it is that General Gordon was sent out on a wave of popular enthusiasm as a national hero, and that, though his changes of front and his wild ideas bewildered the Government, they did not make it easy to recall him. The Government was never ungenerous in its appreciation of Gordon.

The simple fact is that the Government did not want a war of conquest in the Sudan; they wanted to evacuate. Gordon behaved as if he could drive back the Mahdi and settle the Sudan. It is not for a soldier sent out on a mission to determine things like that; it is for the Government of the day.

Let us look at some of the things this extraordinary man did.

The C.N. protested against this, regretting that this impression should be given to millions who do not know the facts, and Mr Cresswell writes to us defending Gordon, blaming the Government, and declaring that his play is true. We propose to look into the whole case, one of the most perplexing stories of the last half-century.

On his way to Egypt he had wired urging that Zebehr Pasha, king of slave-dealers, should be watched as an enemy or sent to Cyprus; but one of the first things Gordon did on reaching Khartoum was to suggest that Zebehr should succeed him as Governor-General of the Sudan! We will look at this later.

While representing us at Khartoum Gordon proposed that he should go up the White Nile and take possession of Sudanese provinces for Belgium. He proposed to raise £300,000 in America to raise an army of a thousand Turks to help him. He told an officer that he might go to the Mahdi and not be heard of for two months, and on Lord Cromer protesting he replied that he had no idea of going.

It is easy to see how rapidly a difficult situation would develop with a man so erratic as this. Let us look more closely into what is perhaps the most curious thing this romantic man did.

He had gone out as one of our heroes and he was a hero for two things—his astounding triumph as a soldier in China and his crusade against slavery in the Sudan.

It was five years before the trouble arose at Khartoum and Gordon had been appointed Governor-General by the Khedive, to stamp out slavery. It is a curious story, one of the strangest in this strange, eventful history.

THERE was in the Sudan about 60 years ago this amazing man Zebehr, a slave-hunter and a slave-dealer. He was king of them all, and he kept an army of man-hunters and sent them out to bring in slaves on an unparalleled scale. He sorted out his victims and sent them across the desert.

His agents came by thousands to one market in 1871, and Zebehr kept Court like a king, guarded by armed sentries and chained lions. He scattered whole tribes and sent them to captivity. He was master of the Sudan.

## Slave-Owner and Slave

The time came when his power was broken and Zebehr was allowed a sort of official recognition, it being felt that he would settle down. But Zebehr was not done for, and he called together his followers and made them swear a solemn oath to do as he would bid them when the time came; then he collected £100,000 and went to Cairo to use it as bribes. He had asked the Khedive to make him Governor-General, and the Khedive had refused but had made him a Pasha, and now Zebehr Pasha was bribing all the other pashas in Cairo, trying to find his way to power. It was not to be, however. The Khedive treated him well, but the tables were turned: *the magnificent slave-owner had become a magnificent slave.* He was allowed to live in great luxury in Cairo but not to return to the Sudan; he was a captive, and Pharaoh would not let him go.

There he was, one of the lords of Cairo, when Gordon came.

Gordon in the meantime was preparing to smash slavery. He set out to break the power of Zebehr's son Suleiman. The news reached Zebehr, who thereupon sent word to his son to remember the oath they had taken and to start open rebellion against the Egyptians. It is so often suggested that the Government was always wrong and Gordon always right that it is well to remember that Gordon was cleverly imposed upon by Suleiman, whom he received in honour and who sent him 180 tons of ivory. Gordon, who had actually suggested that the Government should make Zebehr a K.C.M.G., now made Suleiman a Governor; he was deceived by both of them.

It seems incredible now, but on arriving at Khartoum Gordon almost immediately issued a proclamation legalising slavery, and urged the Government that a successor to himself should be appointed to follow him as Governor-General of the Sudan, and that he should be—Zebehr Pasha.

If there are curious explanations of Gordon's conduct over Zebehr, it must be remembered that these facts came as a great shock to the Government. Gordon had been sent out to evacuate the Sudan; here he was proposing to settle it on a basis of legalised slavery with the king of slave-owners enthroned in power. We may leave it at that; it is one more witness to the fact that the situation was bewildering.

## Everything Goes Wrong

THE fact is that it is not easy to place the blame for the tragedy of Gordon, for almost everything went wrong from first to last. Until Gordon went out the circumstances were only partly known, and he cannot be blamed if he changed his plans when discovering the actual situation. What he was to blame for (impulsive, impatient, and self-confident as he was) was that he failed to realise the difficulty in which he placed the Government by all his rapid changes and his varying estimates of the situation.

In reviewing the whole story it must be remembered that, though only 50 years ago, the world was then a very different place. Up to that time it had been no uncommon thing to let adventurous men perform services for the Government at their own risk, it being understood that if they succeeded they would reap the credit, and if they failed they would not look to the Government to rescue them.

But Gordon was an exceptional man, rightly a national hero, and he had behind him powerful journalists like our friend Mr Stead who proclaimed his mission, demanded that he should be rescued, and denounced the failure to rescue him as a grave betrayal. In choosing him and sending him out in a blaze of publicity the Government made a great mistake. What seemed a very popular thing was a very dangerous thing, and the situation slipped beyond control. Undoubtedly we must hold Gordon in high honour for his courage, but undoubtedly it is unfair to hold Mr Gladstone and his Government in scorn. It would be much fairer to say that responsibility is equal.

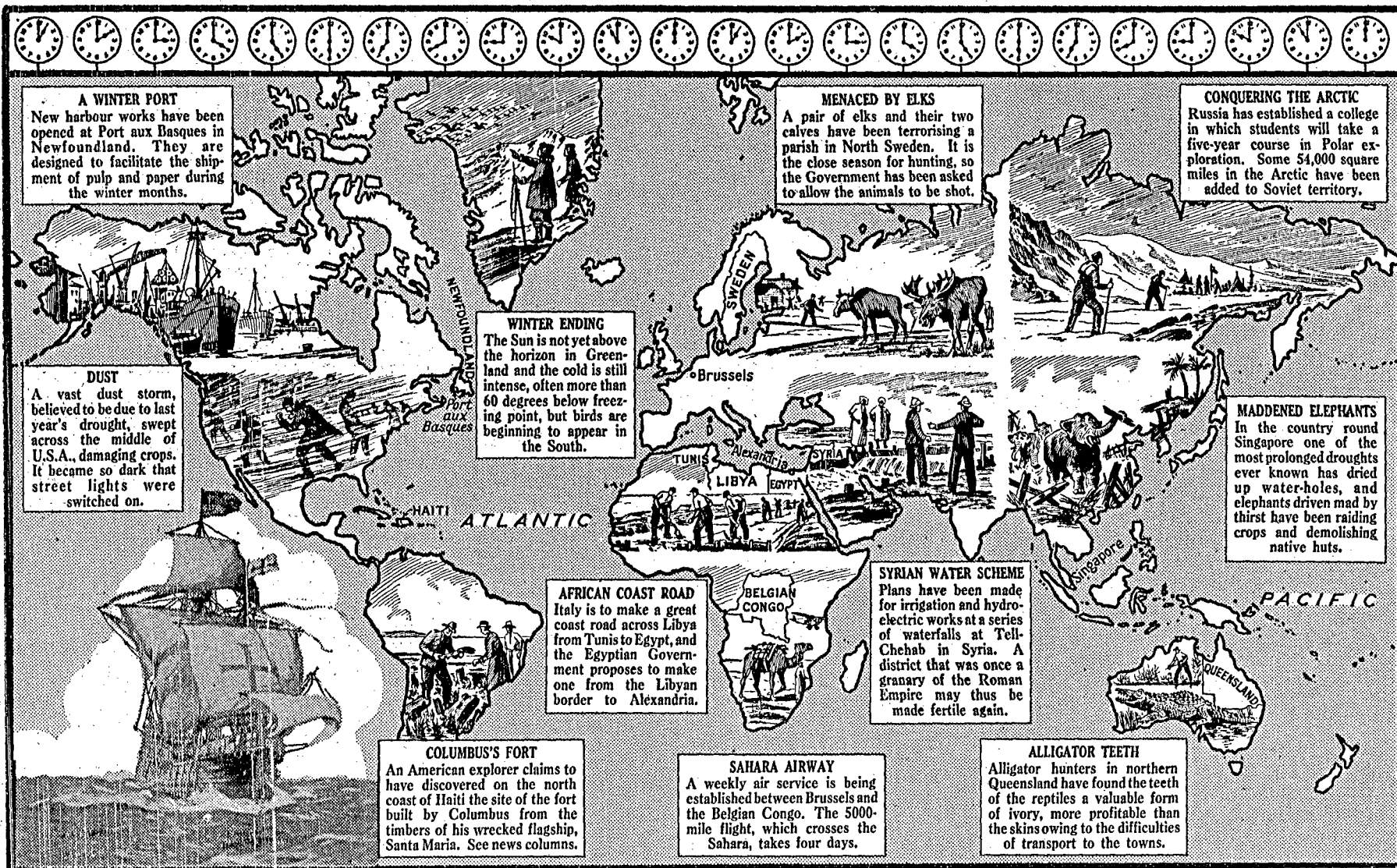
## A Trying Saint

The conception of the case presented by Mr Cresswell for the B.B.C. ignored all the very bewildering factors we have given, and so, therefore, in our opinion was not true to history. It followed the lines of the conception of Gordon which has been built up ever since his biographer, Mr Gordon Hake, compared Gordon with Our Lord Himself. As the Master he served first struck down his enemy Saul, said Mr Hake, and then converted him into his faithful servant Paul, so Gordon struck down his enemies and used them as friends. Gordon, we are told, was a leader of events, and presumably we are asked to believe that with him the end was worth the means. It cannot be.

The C.N. accepts Mr Cresswell's statement that Gordon did not disobey instructions, but his original instructions were not followed, and Gordon cannot be held free from responsibility for this. The worst that can be said of the Government is that they made an error of judgment in very difficult circumstances, and of Gordon, hero and saint, we may say he was trying as any saint would be in a world as hard as this.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE FAMILY ELEVEN Old Parson Crawford and Company

The passing of that tall and lovable old gentleman known as Parson Crawford will recall to cricket lovers the great days done.

Then there would go into the field a strong team composed of grandfather, sons, grandsons, daughters, and nephews. Grandfather Parson Crawford had played for Kent County, his sons, R. T., J. N., and V. F. S., had played for England here and in Australia; while it was said the girls could bat and bowl better than the average club cricketer.

But the tradition went back farther, to the times when cricketers wore top hats. Great-grandfather Andrew Crawford had played for the Gentlemen of England.

John James Crawford was 85 when he died at Wimbledon the other day. Many who never saw him play for Kent have seen him in his favourite seat at Lord's. He was a member of the M.C.C., and one of the best loved.

## BRIDGES BEAUTIFUL Transport Minister's Wise Step

The Minister of Transport has advised local authorities to consult the Fine Arts Commissioners before constructing new bridges or altering old ones.

There is no reason to assume, he says, that this will add to cost. Experience confirms that bridges are more often criticised for undue elaboration than for well-proportioned simplicity.

There are few features, whether of countryside or town, which attract more notice than bridges.

Seeing how long a life may be anticipated for public monuments of this class, it will hardly be questioned that every care should be taken to build bridges and to form their approaches in a manner which will display the sound judgment of the days in which we live. It is good to know that grants from the Road Fund will largely depend on the design.

## SWITZERLAND SAYS YES The Army of Peace Soldiers

Switzerland has just had a plebiscite to decide whether the training of army recruits shall be prolonged by a period varying from two to three weeks.

The Swiss have no permanent army, but all men, with a few exceptions, have to go through a short period of intensive training lasting from two to three months, and every man must go into camp for three weeks each year for ten or twelve years.

Owing to the ever-increasing complexity of modern arms and warfare, and for the need for each soldier to be an expert in the use of his own weapon, the Swiss Government came to the conclusion not long ago that the two or three months so far allowed for the training of recruits is not long enough.

They therefore drafted a measure demanding an extension of this preliminary training by periods ranging from 13 to 23 days. The Socialist Party opposed it, however, and the Government decided to appeal to the country, with the result that 506,845 voted Oui and 431,902 voted Non.

## WHIPSNAD DIXIE How She Laid the Cable

It is just a little tragic  
That a female who works magic  
Should not pass for elf or pixey,  
But—you are no fairy, Dixie!

Whipsnade is very pleased with Dixie, the big elephant who used to be one of the stars of Bostock's circus. She has done in two hours a job which, without her help, would have taken a whole day.

A five-ton four-core cable had to be laid in a trench. Dixie hauled the five-foot drum along, and played the cable out with her trunk. The work seemed to get done by magic.

It was nothing to Dixie, who used to pull huge circus vans out of fields when they got bogged, and who has been hauling timber at Whipsnade this winter.

## GREECE

### Armed Force or Ballot-Box?

The many friends of Greece in this country have been dismayed by the violence of a revolution which suddenly flared up.

Military supporters of the Venizelist party seized the fleet and sailed away to Crete, where M. Venizelos placed himself at the head of the insurrection.

The Government, led by the Prime Minister, M. P. Tsaldaris, acted promptly, denouncing the revolutionaries as lunatics. As he and his Popular Party won the General Election two years ago an armed revolution must be regarded as an outrage and a disappointment to the friends of Venizelos, who has always been regarded as a Liberal and a democrat, and who, during the war and the troublous times succeeding it, showed his countrymen the better way.

## AFTER 25 YEARS

A birthday present which would have seemed miraculous a century ago was given to Mrs Cookson of Queensway, Penwortham, near Preston, the other day. It was a telephone call from her son in Australia.

She had not heard his voice for 25 years. Perhaps there have been times when she has thought she would never hear him say Mother, for she is 78.

But they have been able to talk to each other from opposite sides of the world, and we feel sure that she liked this better than any of her other birthday presents.

## £1557 FOR AN EYE

It is obvious that the shooting-galleries at fairs require better supervision.

The other day a man firing at a target lost an eye through what appears to have been an explosion at the breech of the rifle. He was awarded £1557 damages in the High Court, and this may serve as a warning to others.

## NATURE MAKES A WAY A Good Thing From a Storm

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the recent hurricane which swept our little island brought an unexpected blessing to Christchurch, near Bournemouth.

Fishermen and yachtsmen were delighted to find, after a week-end of storms, that as a result a new entrance to the harbour had been made. Hundreds of sailing-boats and motor-boats will now be saved a journey of a mile and a half to the sea. The old entrance may gradually close up and the long channel leading to it, which is known as the Run and is separated from the sea by a spit of sand nearly two miles long, may become a lagoon.

It was through this barrier of sand that the breach, 30 yards wide and three feet deep, was made by the stormy seas and torrential rain. A small breach was made nineteen years ago, but was soon filled up with sand; this much larger one is likely to be permanent, for it is widened at every tide by the waters of the Stour and Avon rivers, and there is a stronger current through the shorter outlet. It is believed that a harbour bar will be formed half a mile out at sea opposite the new entrance.

## LEIPZIG FAIR

### The Barter Question Again

The great Sample Fair of Leipzig was remarkable for two developments.

The first development was the display of substitute materials (Ersatz the Germans call them), and of plant and machinery for producing them.

The second development was the opportunity the Fair afforded of making barter bargains. In so far as Germany must import raw materials, her policy is to offer payment in manufactured articles. By exporting finished produce she hopes to get material enough to manufacture for both home and export.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 16

1935

## All Friends

WE think the world is moving on, and we agree with Mr Arthur Henderson that it is necessary for the youth of the world to see that we all "belong to a world community" if real peace is to come.

All armaments come from fear. If the world's peoples can get to know each other fear will depart, and with it the idea of buying a doubtful security by squandering treasure on the means to kill people we have never seen.

It is a bitter sign when armaments must be increased in a peaceful country because less peaceful countries menace it, but it is a good sign that the Governments are at last facing deliberately the question of the private traffic in piling up arms with which the peoples of the world can kill each other. We are to have an inquiry of our own, following on America's; and the League itself has the matter before it. With this trade in death out of the way one great barrier to world-friendship will have vanished.

Last year over a thousand British young people travelled abroad under a scheme for exchanging students. This meant the founding of many thousand friendly contacts.

We talk too much of capturing trade and too little of capturing affection; yet to win affection is to create feelings in which trade must grow and prosper.

It is true today as when Charles Darwin wrote it a hundred years ago that the traveller discovers "how many kind-hearted people there are with whom he never before had or ever again will have any further communication who yet are ready to offer him the most disinterested assistance." (We shall never forget the German in the train who lent us half-a-sovereign when we were in trouble.) The traveller also makes enduring friends and correspondents and each of them becomes a bulwark of peace.

Surely the reasonable mind finds comfort as well as release from warlike fear in the idea that all the world is inhabited by kindly and well-meaning people. All the records of war show that even the soldier camped on foreign soil soon discovers that he is among human beings to whom he belongs; and what grown-up does not remember that in the war the most friendly enemies anywhere were Tommy in the trenches and the German soldier just across No Man's Land.

They killed one another because they had to, by order.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Jubilee Trust

COULD any idea be happier than that of the Prince of Wales for devoting the National Thankoffering for the King's Jubilee to the welfare of our youth?

Everyone is invited to send his pennies or his pounds to form a fund called King George's Jubilee Trust, which will aid all the voluntary organisations serving boys and girls.

The Prince points to three essential needs to fit children for their future life: Discipline, Friends, and Interests. The Jubilee Trust will enable these needs to be satisfied and our boys and girls to grow up realising that life is well worth while.

## Two Gestures

Two things we noticed in the news the other day.

*A king gave up his throne for the sake of his people's freedom.*

*Herr Hitler, seeing the crowd about him soaked with rain, took off his coat and shared the rain with them.*

Small things, but great things.

## 3s 4d in the £

THOSE people in this country who have been putting their money into Irish Sweepstakes with the idea that they are helping Irish hospitals to pay their way will now perhaps be convinced that their money has been more useful to the Irish Government.

We hear from the Home Secretary that nearly £45,000,000 has been subscribed to 13 sweepstakes, and the hospital share of this has been *three shillings and fourpence in the pound*.

How much of this has been actually paid we do not know; but we have no doubt whatever that the hospitals have lost as much as they have gained by this form of gambling. The one certain thing is that it has made the path of Mr De Valera much easier.

## Cure Wanted

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM finds in Broadcasting "the foremost misfortune that has ever overtaken this planet."

Is there no pill that will turn a dyspeptic into an optimist?

## A Gracious Lady

A FLOWER-SELLER stood beside his basket at The Hague. Passengers hurried past him; no one would buy his flowers, and he was cold.

A car drove up and stopped. The driver got out and bought the whole basketful of flowers, while a lady in the car smiled graciously.

She was the Queen of Holland.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show  
That mercy show to me.

Alexander Pope

## The City's Rubbish

WE are sorry to gather from The Times that there is a rubbish heap at the foot of the magnificent piece of Roman wall on Tower Hill.

We do not know how long it has been there, but within a few yards of the C.N. offices, in a street used by thousands of people every day, are four patches of litter and dirt that have been lying there for years.

It almost looks as if the City Corporation will soon be driven to appoint a Street Cleaning Department.

## Tip-Cat

THE late guest is always with us, says a writer. Not before he arrives.

PIPPERY people are often efficient at their work. Worth their salt.

MOST novels are not quite good enough, says a critic. Too bad.

IT is hard work painting London pillar-boxes. The painter takes off his coat to put on a coat.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If air race competitors can drop out

A TRADE journal says there is very little money about. Three-penny bits.

AN old cake recipe has just come to light. We prefer our cakes new.

A WRITER advises us to say things with colour. When you say them go red.

A MAN complained that some shoes he bought were so small he could not wear them at a dance. He could have worn them at a pinch.

THE frost often stops building. What does it build?

FISHERMEN must take advantage of the tide, says a writer. Have an eye to the main chance.

THERE is talk of making non-skidding roads. But we have never seen one skid.

WHEN in pain go to bed, says a doctor. And find a counterpane.

A SPEAKER said he would eat more bacon if it were cheaper. It's dear to him.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

LORD NUFFIELD has given £50,000 for the child cripples of New Zealand.

IT is believed that robins are increasing in England; there are supposed to be about 7,000,000.

POPPY DAY last year was a record, yielding £522,928.

## JUST AN IDEA

We heard a preacher say that the chemicals composing a child's body are probably worth a halfpenny, but Colonel Lindbergh would have given ten thousand pounds for his baby.

## The Knight Goes Riding By

SILVER spears across the sky  
When the knights went riding by,

Coloured banners brave to see,  
Leopard, crown, and fleur de lys,  
Blue and white and gold and red  
Like the clouds of sunset spread.  
Silver clamour of their mail,  
Horse-hooves shudd'ring through the vale,  
Horse-hooves rattling through the town,  
Mighty horses, white and brown,  
Mighty men, and gallant sight  
Long, long swallowed up in night.

SILVER wings across the sky

When the knights go riding by,  
Knights who wheel across the air  
Daring what the eagles dare,  
Knights whose signs are painted bold

As the shield's device of old.  
Over wide and bitter seas,  
Over lands that scorch and freeze,  
They have borne beneath their wings

England's sign of coloured rings.  
And Saint George of England hears

As he heard the ring of spears  
Songs of engines roaring loud  
As they climb through fog and cloud,

And, so small in God's great sky,  
Sees the knights go riding by. J. F.

## The Sparrows at Her Feet

By the Pilgrim

THERE was a lady feeding sparrows in St James's Park.

They perched on her shoulders and arms. One bold fellow had a royal time inside the paper bag she had brought. At her feet sly little creatures snatched the crumbs which fell from her hands as she fed a group on her fingers.

Watching her, we saw that now and then she moved her right foot slowly from side to side, to frighten the feathered people on the grass; but she had only smiles for the sparrows on her fingers.

"Why do you frighten the sparrows from your feet?" we asked.

She laughed, and at first we thought she was not going to tell us. Then she said, "Oh well, it's just a foolish fancy, I suppose. I like them to come to my hands, and I hate to think they are trying to steal from one who is willing to give."

## Awkward

WE were having tea with a friend the other day when Daphne, the baby, was scolded for something.

"I like Nora's Mummie best," she said. Nora was her friend next door.

"Very well," said her own mother, "perhaps you could live with Nora's Mummie. We'll see what can be done about it."

Presently Daphne, after a little time very quiet, said: "Mummie, I like our furniture best."



## THE BOMB IN BABY'S CRADLE

### WHO CARES?

Home Secretary After Home Secretary Does Nothing

### THE PITIFUL TRAGEDY OF CELLULOID

One more life has been sacrificed to the celluloid trade.

Margaret Burlinson, a servant, was heating her curling-tongs over a gas jet when the heat set fire to her celluloid cuffs and she was burned to death. She died in Finchley Hospital aged 27.

This highly inflammable substance is made into hundreds of things, combs which the sun will set on fire, mirrors which are held near the light, even spectacles and children's toys—inflammable toys for babies.

We hear much talk of the danger of bombs falling in our streets, but there are bombs in our children's cradles and nobody cares.

It will be three years in May since the Home Secretary promised to do something about celluloid; but the slaughter of the innocents goes on. Margaret Burlinson is the latest. How long shall we permit it?

### A Deceptive Peril

In 1932 the Home Secretary said to the Congress of the Fire Brigades Association: "If you have any suggestions for the better protection of the people and their property against fire that do not involve expenditure, local or national, they will have our most sympathetic hearing at the Home Office."

The President of the Congress, Mr W. J. Blyth, offered no suggestion but a plea—that a Bill be introduced to deal with the celluloid danger. "Just a little Bill," he said, and as a simple beginning he asked that all articles made of celluloid be marked so that people may know of their danger.

It seems little to ask, yet nothing is done.

"But the public know celluloid so well that they are never deceived, and there is no need for marking," say the makers. This is not true. We ourselves did not know, until we went through our things at home, testing them. The buttons on one coat are celluloid; they flamed up easily. Those on another coat are Erinoid; and they did not. But one cannot tell which is which at a glance. The back of a most disreputable hairbrush turns out to be ivory, but the smart stainless-steel knives now have one injured member; their handles are celluloid.

### Firemen and Celluloid

The pintray was Bakelite; it would not ignite. The highly suspect salad servers stood every test—we owe them an apology; but a favourite green comb went up in a flash and nearly caused trouble, in spite of the basin of water we had handy for accidents.

Firemen recognise celluloid fires as being more dangerous than others because they burst out more suddenly, travel faster, and are more difficult to put out. They also have to beware of the gases hot celluloid gives off.

### A Fire Chief's Souvenirs

We should like to introduce the Home Secretary to a boxful of souvenirs belonging to a Fire Chief we know.

There is one packet of bright celluloid Christmas cards, their ironical gilt greetings nestling among forget-me-nots. There is a companion packet of black cinders the same shape as these cards, and between the bright cards and the black ones six girls lost their lives.

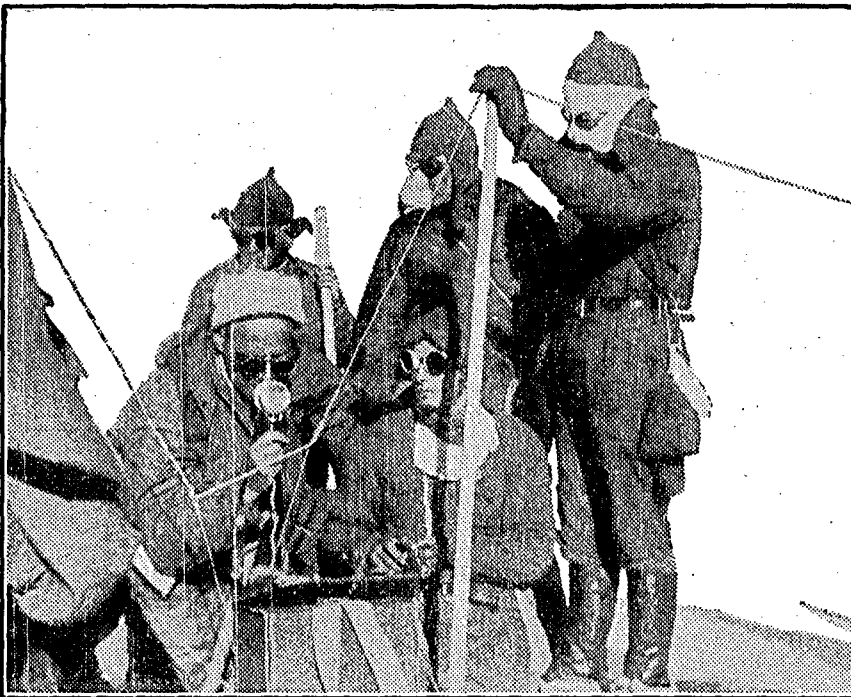
There is part of a great black block which looks like hard rubber; no one would take it for celluloid. It was once the guillotine block of a paper-cutting machine at a printer's.

An assistant, lifting a taper to light the gas, struck it on the edge of this block

## CLIMBING THE MOUNT OF THE ARK



A group of Russian officers has succeeded in making a winter ascent of Mount El'bruz, the highest mountain of the Caucasus. It has two extinct volcanic peaks, both over 18,400 feet high.



The climbers reported their arrival on the summit of one of the peaks by means of a portable wireless transmitter. The mountain is traditionally the first resting-place of the Ark.

Continued from the previous column

and the place was instantly in flames. There are the charred remains of a knife left over the gas in a pan of Bubble-and-Squeak when the doorbell rang. There are three teeth and part of the back of a fancy comb which was in a lady's hair when she decided "just to curl up those two or three loose ends" with the tongs. There are the burned heels from the shoes of the girl who stood too near the electric heater on a cold day; and there is a little celluloid doll—intact. There was nothing left of Baby Reginald's doll, so the Fire Chief keeps this one to remind him. With it he keeps Reginald's story.

Reginald and his mother were stopping at a Hostel in Greenwich. Reginald was two. As the child was lifted out of his pram after his afternoon airing one cold day he dropped his doll. Another child, standing near, picked it up and gave it back to him. As the mother put the pram away the child ran into the house—to the playroom, his mother supposed, where he would be quite safe. She followed as soon as she could.

But Reginald was not in the playroom. Full of compassion for his little doll, which he imagined to be as cold as his fingers, he had run straight to the kitchen to warm it. No one was there. He pushed the doll through the bars of the fireguard; it burst into flames; Reginald's clothes caught fire, and by the time his mother found him it was too late. He died of the burns.

"The most atrocious use of celluloid is in toys," says our friend the Fire Chief as he puts back his souvenirs, his voice husky with feeling. "What is more natural than for a child to take his doll to the fire to warm it, as he has seen mother do Baby? You can't make

little ones understand that it is dangerous." But sentiment is mounting to demand that this scandal shall cease. Outraged parents write to the C.N. to ask why nothing is done to protect their children from the celluloid menace. Our postman comes laden with celluloid toys that they ask to have forbidden by law. But the Home Secretary is the person to write to; the Home Office is the place for these toys. On the day when all England shows itself thoroughly incensed about these bombs in Baby's cradle something will be done; until then "the trade" will continue to sacrifice children's lives to its profits.

This is a sample of the letters we get:

I've never bought a bit of celluloid in my life for children or anyone else, but I've had the beastly stuff rained upon me. I've already consigned to the flames celluloid teething rings, fishes, dolls, boxes, boats, mirror-backs, brush racks, and combs!

I am sending you the latest gifts. Look at this sweet little yellow song-bird, all the way from far Japan! How many death-songs will these little warblers sing this winter? There is enough celluloid in the owl to set the Houses of Parliament on fire. I suggest that you have a public holocaust and ask the Home Secretary to light it!

The C.N. appeals once more to the women in Parliament. Will one of them not justify our faith in women as the guardians and preservers of life by bringing in the little Bill the Fire Brigades asked for in 1932—just as a beginning?

And will they not go on from that to the total suppression of celluloid toys?

No Parliament dare refuse them; we can hardly imagine Mr Macquisten objecting; and life would be safer for babies and there would be not only less grief in the world but less peril from fire

## THE BIRD MAN OF AMERICA

### A 20th-Century Icarus

### SOARING AND LOOPING AT 60 MILES AN HOUR

We can hardly believe the things we read and see today.

Tumbling in the air like a pigeon and gliding with artificial wings and tail as fast as a carrier pigeon flies, a man has performed a feat never before accomplished.

An American named Clem Sohn, who once held the world record for dropping the greatest distance from an aeroplane before opening his parachute, has been thrilling huge crowds at Daytona Beach by looping the loop three times thousands of feet above their heads. With collapsible wings of balloon fabric stretched over light steel tubes fastened umbrella fashion between his arms and sides, and a tail plane like the webbing of a duck's foot between his legs, Clem Sohn sprang from an aeroplane 10,000 feet up.

As he leaped he stretched out his arms and legs, and so retained the momentum of the speeding plane. He found himself gliding like a bird at a speed of 60 miles an hour. So fast was his movement that he succeeded in looping the loop three times. It was all a matter of two minutes, when, feeling intensely cold, he pulled the cord of a parachute attached to his back and descended calmly into some woods near the field from which the aeroplane had ascended.

His feat reminds us of that of Icarus in the Greek legend, or of the tale of the monk who jumped from the battlements of Malmesbury. But both these daring pioneers perished, while Clem Sohn has lived to win the title of the first human bird.

### THE TUNE HE LOVED

#### Two Scenes in a Life

Romance enters twice into a sad story with a happy ending which reaches us from America.

A tired, dishevelled man of 71 was resting among homeless derelicts in a Bowery Mission, New York. His case was a sad one, for he could not tell the kind people who help the outcasts there who he was or whence he came. After he had been there two days a lady came in on a Sunday night to play the piano, and played a piece called Washington. The tune brought back the memory of the old man, for his wife had written it and it was the tune he knew best in the world.

He was Moses Gulesian, a millionaire from Boston who had disappeared.

The playing of his wife's music is not the only romantic feature of this story. Even more remarkable is the fact that he turned up at the Bowery Mission, for it was in that very hall that, 52 years before, he had been sheltered when he arrived in the United States.

From the Bowery Mission in New York he had by thrift and industry amassed a fortune, and when his memory gave way he unconsciously found his way back to the spot where he first found shelter as an Armenian lad in a strange land.

### A DEAR OLD LADY

Thousands of Germans who have been students at Bonn University will regret the passing of Aennchen Schumacher, the hostess of an inn at Godesberg on the Rhine.

This old lady, who was 75, was a link with the gay student life of pre-war Germany and had been hostess since she was 18. The students made her an honorary member of seven of their societies and her name will be remembered for generations, for it was made famous by a student song which is sung to guitars by members of the Youth Movement all over Germany.



## OVER ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS

### Cost of Our War Pensions

#### WHY NOT FREE THEM FROM THE INCOME TAX?

By the First Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions

The Ministry of Pensions was formed at the end of 1916 to care for the millions of men, women, and children killed, injured, or bereaved by the war, a great and terrible task.

A new Pensions Warrant was framed before the Ministry had been in existence a week making a revolution in administration.

The latest Report of the Ministry shows that the War Pensions have cost, in 21 years, no less than £1,092,000,000.

It is a big bill which no one grudges, but how much we must grudge the precious lives lost, the limbs shattered, the families broken up!

#### Unworthy of a Great Nation

Over two million War Pensions have been granted in all, but many have lapsed through death, through pensioned children reaching the limit of pension age, and so on. Yet still there are about 840,000 men, women, and children left on the list, and still fresh pensions are awarded, as, for example, when claims for disablement pensions become clear and are met. In 1934 new pensions to parents and other dependants of dead pensioners numbered 435. War Pensions now cost over £40,000,000 a year.

It is a matter for deep regret that War Pensions are not always safe from taxation or deduction. The mind which framed the Pensions Warrant of 1917 never dreamed that some day a War Pensioner would find his pension taken into account to reduce unemployment pay, or assessed to Income Tax if his total income rose above exemption limit.

It is actually the case that the British widow of a Canadian War Pensioner (whose pension, of course, is paid by Canada) has to include her pension in her Income Tax Return. Such an exaction seems to us unworthy of a great and wealthy nation, and we suggest that, now things are improving, one of the concessions of the next Budget should be this, in the name of our gratitude and of humanity.

### THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

#### Brighter Streets

To celebrate the King's Silver Jubilee the London Gardens Society hopes to organise mass displays of flowers in hundreds of streets next May.

Neglected front gardens of private houses and even windows of dingy offices will be brightened by marguerites and flowers of many colours, which may also appear above shop fronts.

This new central organisation of the Gardens Guilds is asking more fortunate gardeners living in the suburbs to pass on their surplus plants, cuttings, bulbs, and seeds to flower-growers in congested districts. They should be sent to 47 Whitehall, S.W.1, for distribution. Advice on the planting of displays will be given to all who become members of the movement.

Already work has been done to brighten the streets by planting vacant sites and waste places with trees or flowers or by placing tubs containing flowering plants on the smaller sites.

In North London a piece of neglected ground is being turned into garden plots for slum children. A derelict spot by Deptford High Street is being made into a rest garden for passers-by. The society has been given permission to beautify two plots of land in front of hoardings in Westminster Bridge Road.

## A WAR WELL WON

### Deadly Insect Foe Beaten Off

#### THE COLORADO BEETLE

It is good news that our Ministry of Agriculture has met and defeated one of the deadliest foes of agriculture that ever set foot on English soil.

This enemy is the Colorado beetle, which came ashore from some Thames steamer and established itself on an allotment at Tilbury in the autumn of 1933.

No sooner was this pest seen than the Civil Service was set to work to make sure that it should not spread throughout England. The Minister himself broadcast an appeal to all workers on the land to look out for this creature, whether in its beetle form with black spots and lines on its orange wing-cases, or in its larval stage of reddish yellow, when it feeds on the stems and leaves of the potato plant.

The beetle is a real scourge once it has established itself in a country, for the creature lays hundreds of eggs in groups of 12 or 20 on each plant. Within a week the larvae have emerged, and so quickly do they grow and undergo their transformation that three generations are produced in a single summer.

#### Government Action

The beetle had appeared in England once before this century, curiously enough in the same district. In 1877 it was discovered in a Texas cattle steamer at Liverpool. Immediate action was then taken by the Government, who issued Orders making it illegal for anyone to keep, sell, or distribute living specimens in any stage of their existence. A penalty of £10 was imposed, half of which was to be paid to the informer!

As its name shows, the beetle is a native of America, where it was discovered in 1824 near the Upper Missouri. For some years it completely destroyed the potato crop of many States, making its way across the continent until it reached the shores of the Atlantic.

The beetle made its appearance near Bordeaux, in France, over 12 years ago and cost the French Government over £1,000,000 a year in fighting it by spraying the potato plant with arsenic.

By the energy of our Ministry of Agriculture English potato-growers have been saved enormous losses, and Mr Walter Elliot deserves the congratulations of us all.

### THE STORY THAT GOES ON

#### What Do You See in the Fire?

What do you see in the fire? Is it the story of the men who risk their lives to give us coal?

The Gresford Colliery disaster must not be forgotten, for it has many lessons to convey.

Our coalmines are not yet as safe as they ought to be. Seven generations of men have mined coal in quantity and tens of thousands of miners have perished, but many of the pits are still obsolete in equipment.

The bodies of the 265 men who were killed last September have not yet been recovered. Forty men have been trained for the deadly task of opening up the pit, but the Mines Department has refused to let them take unwarrantable risks. The local churches are praying for the men who will heroically essay the task. Shall we forget them?

A few weeks ago an attempt was made to reopen a mine near Barnsley, where a fire occurred in November. A party, including the general manager, a mines inspector, ten men, and other officials, went down to investigate conditions. They met an explosion, and ten of them were enveloped in flames and injured.

Such are the risks to be faced at Gresford. The cruel story of Coal continues.

## DISCOVERY JUST IN TIME

### Encouraging a Great Industry

#### REVOLUTION IN THE DYEING OF WOOL

An amazing discovery has been made which will revolutionise the dyeing of woollen fabrics. There will be a great saving of time in the operation and the results will be even better than before.

For some time experiments have been made to improve the dyeing process, and at last, after 2000 attempts, this new method has been evolved in the Manchester laboratories of the British Dyestuffs Corporation.

Hitherto a temperature at boiling-point has been required in dyeing, and this has always proved harmful to the material. By the new process a temperature of about 150 degrees Fahrenheit is employed and yet cloth is dyed in 15 minutes instead of the several hours normally taken.

#### Advantages of the Process

The secret of the new method lies in what is called the turbulence, in which the wool to be dyed is subjected to a mechanically controlled bombardment by the dye liquor. As this liquor is pumped through the fabric a vibration of the individual fibres of the fabric makes them thoroughly absorb, or breathe in, the dye.

It has always been both difficult and costly to dye a thick felt through and through, but the new discovery has made this operation a simple one.

Another great advantage in the new process is that it involves an adaptation of existing machinery rather than the installation of new plant.

This discovery has come at a time when our wool industry needed an encouragement, and an authority has declared that the new process is expected to be available for cotton-dyeing.

### A VERY GALLANT SKIPPER

#### The Man Who Helped Shackleton's Men

Another hero of the Antarctic has passed on.

Captain Luis Pardo, who rescued 22 members of Shackleton's expedition from Elephant Island twenty years ago, has died at Santiago in Chile.

After the Endurance was crushed by ice and sank in the Antarctic the members of the expedition put off in lifeboats and landed on a small piece of land known as Elephant Island.

They were in a desperate situation, for they had no wireless. Shackleton went off for help in the boat now comfortably resting at Dulwich School, but three attempts to rescue the men failed. When they had been four months on the island, and hope was almost lost, Captain Pardo, skipper of the Chilean tug Yelcho, managed to take them off to safety.

His heroism was rewarded, and he was decorated by the British Government. Sir Ernest Shackleton expressed his gratitude to the gallant skipper, and ever since the rescue Lady Shackleton, in her great kindness of heart, had kept in touch with him. Only last year Captain Pardo came to London for the unveiling of the statue of Shackleton.

#### 60 YEARS A J.P.

Mr W. A. Smith-Masters, Chairman of the North Aylesford Petty Sessions, Kent, enters on his 60th year as a Justice of the Peace next month, on which occasion it is proposed to present him with his portrait.

This busy petty sessions sits on five days a week in one form or another, and Mr Smith-Masters usually presides over its Monday sessions.

## A BIT OF ROME FOR ROME

### A Cumberland Present For the Eternal City

#### THE ALTAR STONE TO JUPITER

When we learn that England has sent Italy a Roman altar we are tempted to ask why coals should be sent to Newcastle. But there can be very, very few Roman altars in Italy like this.

It is inscribed "To Jupiter, the first Cohort of the Dalmatians commanded by Lucius Calpurnius Vegetus, in discharge of a vow."

The Roman soldier set up the little altar, which is 39 inches high, not far from the northern extremity of the territory reached by the sword of Rome. It was found at Netherhall near Maryport in Cumberland.

Colonel G. J. Pocklington, of Netherhall, has given it to the Italian Government, and it will be shown in the exhibition which is being arranged in honour of the 2000th anniversary of the Emperor Augustus.

#### He Kept His Vow

Although Rome has so many memorials of those glorious days she has probably none from the outposts of the colony in England, and she will be as glad to receive this as we should be to receive from America a stone set up by Sir Walter Raleigh.

A vow would seem to be the most intangible thing in the world, and it is strange to think how this vow has survived the men who made it, and is remembered when they are forgotten.

Surely it was for victory over the barbarians that they prayed to Jupiter. They conquered, and fulfilled their promise to give him an altar. The barbarians, who always honour a man who keeps his word, now give the altar back to Rome.

Whether Lucius Calpurnius Vegetus himself ever returned to the Eternal City, or whether he mingled his dust with England, we do not know; nor do we know whether he was rich or poor, witty or dull, handsome or ugly, a solitary man or friendly. But he kept his promises and got his immortality.

### THE STORK WHICH STAYED AT HOME

#### A Canny Danish Pensioner

A stork in the Danish village of Hulsig seems to have decided that wintering abroad is much too great a luxury in these needy times.

Last autumn, when his fellows took wing for the South, he stayed behind and cannily made himself a pensioner on one of the big farms of the neighbourhood.

Every morning when the chickens are being fed he appears in the poultry yard and demands his share of warm oatmeal mash, which is of course gladly given him. He has made for himself a cosy little nook in the thatched roof of the cottage, but on very cold nights he stalks after the hens into the henhouse.

One wonders whether our stork will laugh in his wing when his fellows return from their long flight, or whether their talk of travel and adventure in far-off climes will make him feel just a little out of it?

#### £1000 FOR £10

The other day two wood merchants bought an oak tree for £10, and tried without success to sell it again.

At last they decided to put it through the sawmill, and when it was cut up it was discovered that it contained a rare example of brown oak, which is ordinary oak into which fungus has grown.

The result was that the £10 tree brought its owners £1000.



## NURSERY DAYS AT THE ZOO

**BOOBOO AND HER BABY**  
Hot-House Delicacies Discarded  
For Tomatoes

### JUBILEE'S FATHER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

No human mother and child could be given much more care and attention than Booboo, the Zoo chimpanzee, and her daughter Jubilee have received.

To avoid all risk of irritation through noise, the public have been kept away from the ape and her baby, a keeper has acted as nurse by night as well as by day, all kinds of delicacies have been provided to tempt the mother's appetite, and she has even been given a rubber mattress in place of straw.

The mattress was thought advisable instead of straw bedding because Booboo would insist on using pieces of straw to clean Jubilee's eyes and ears.

### Keeping the Baby's Eyes Clean

This practice was due to the fact that it has long been Booboo's habit to manicure the nails of her visitors with a piece of straw; and as the Zoo considers she should have something with which to keep the baby's eyes clean she is now being given cotton-wool.

The first mattress given to her as a bed had a short life, for Booboo promptly tore it, but afterwards she was given a mattress specially covered with extra strong twill.

During the first few days after Jubilee's arrival Booboo's appetite was not hearty enough; so to encourage her to feed she was offered an array of peaches, apricots, pears, grape-fruit, melons, cucumbers, dates, stewed apples, and rice and prunes in addition to her usual rations of fresh seasonable fruit and vegetables.

Booboo enjoyed the rice pudding and stewed apples, but from her supply of expensive fruit she just selected a peach and refused to get at all excited over the other delicacies.

### The Keeper's Lunch

Later, when her keeper began to eat his lunch in her presence, she noticed that he had a tomato and asked for it. He at once gave it to her, and she ate it with so much appreciation that a messenger was sent out to buy a pound of tomatoes for her. These she ate in preference to the hot-house fruit.

Now the youngster is usually to be found hanging on to Booboo with hands and feet; but during the first few days Booboo frequently left Jubilee lying on her bed. The baby at these times amused herself by kicking and waving her arms about, but being rather fretful Jubilee did not care to be left long in this position, and she cried.

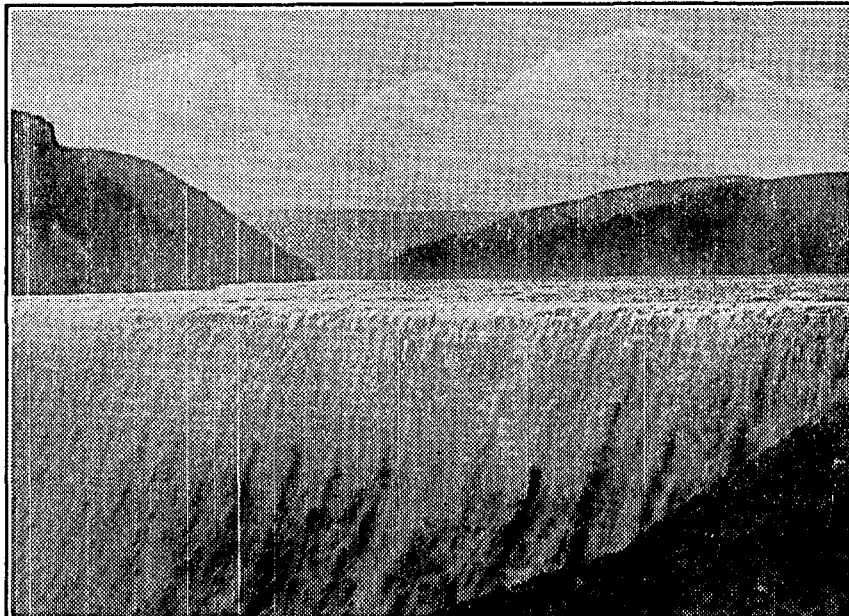
These cries always met with immediate response from Booboo. The mother animal's habit of leaving her baby for a few minutes suggests that chimpanzees make a nursery either up a tree or on the ground for their newly-born babies, and rest for a day or two before moving on to another place.

### A Model Mother

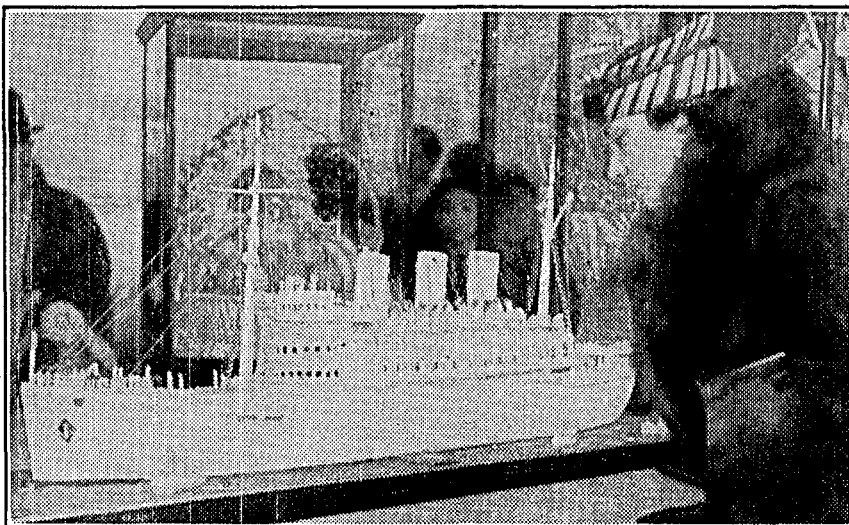
Fortunately Booboo is being a model mother, and no matter how fretful and exacting her daughter happens to be she never appears to be irritated. Her attitude toward her keepers is as friendly as it was before the baby's birth, and far from trying to hide Jubilee from them she even allows them to pick her up in their arms.

The father of Jubilee is an ape called Koko, who used to live in the Bristol Zoo. In the Bristol Zoo he has another daughter, who was the first baby chimpanzee to be born in this country; and as soon as the news of Jubilee's birth reached Bristol a telegram of congratulation was sent addressed to Booboo and signed with the name of the Bristol mother ape.

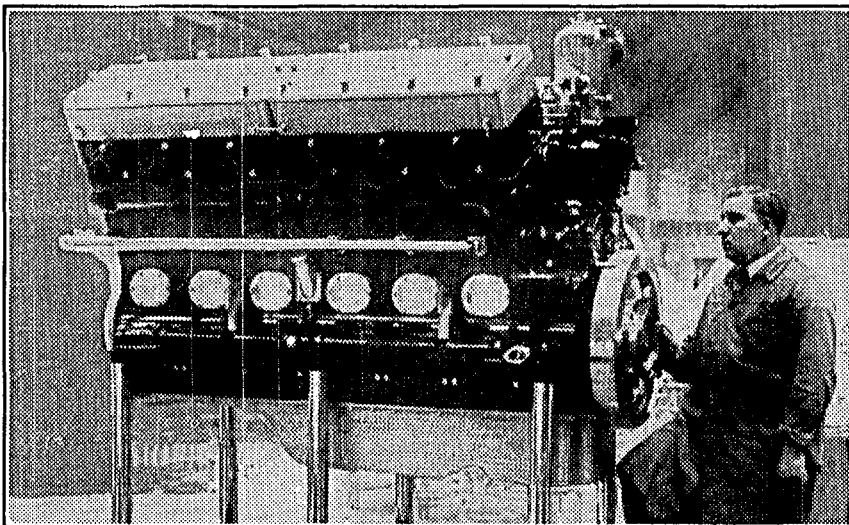
## NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



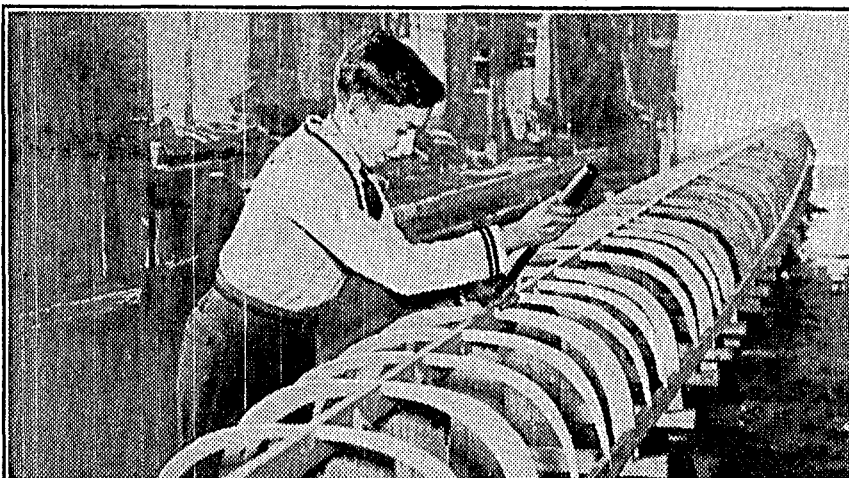
In the Welsh Mountains—Following the heavy rains Rhayader Lake in Radnorshire is full to overflowing, as this picture shows



A Model in Sugar of the Queen Mary—At an exhibition in London



The Engine of the Future—At the Berlin Motor Show a 500 h.p. Diesel engine attracted much attention. An article on this type of engine is in the next column



The Cambridge Boat—Edward Sims, who is only 14, at work in his father's boathouse at Putney, where he is helping to build the Cambridge boat for the University Boat Race

## THE MOTOR-ENGINE OF TOMORROW

WHAT WILL IT BE?

The Amazing Progress of the Diesel-Type Motor

VERY LOW RUNNING COSTS

About 40 years ago Dr Rudolph Diesel invented a new kind of engine. It burned cheap, rather crude oil instead of petrol.

The explosive mixture in the cylinder, instead of being fired by a spark, was ignited by the heat of suddenly compressed air. It took years of patient work to convince engineers of the great possibilities of the Diesel engine. But they gradually became apparent. Twenty years after Dr Diesel's invention a stately steel vessel of 7000 tons glided down the Thames on her way to Bangkok, with three bare steel masts and no funnels. It was the Selandia, the first motor-liner, making her maiden voyage to the East.

### France Offers a Prize

How people stared and wondered at this strange, beautiful giant, moving without sails and without steam! The Selandia was the first really big vessel to be fitted with Diesel oil engines, and she is still making regular voyages across the ocean.

A few weeks ago a prize of £125,000 was offered by the French Air Ministry to the constructor of the first crude oil motor which will drive an aeroplane for 6240 miles at an average speed of at least 93 miles an hour. The first airship with Diesel engines was built not long ago, and today a giant Diesel bus runs between New York and Los Angeles, a distance of 3000 miles, doing the journey in less than four days, at the ridiculously low cost of £4 for fuel, three miles a penny for a huge cross-continental monster!

### Cheap and Plentiful

When you distil a ton of crude oil as it comes from the bowels of the Earth you drive off petrol first, then the paraffin used for lamps; after those come far larger quantities of cruder, darker oils, and it is these oils which can be used in a Diesel engine. The far greater quantity available, and its consequent cheapness, has been a lure to the Diesel engine designer, added to the simplicity of running on account of no magnets or induction coil being necessary, as no spark is used.

Although the Diesel engine is so full of promise, its success may yet be imperilled through the oil producers putting up the price of crude oil, or even by the Governments of oil-producing countries putting a heavy tax upon it. At present, however, the Diesel engine is very valuable on account of the low fuel consumption, which means that an aeroplane could cruise over far longer stages than with the same weight of petrol.

### Improvements To Come

Another advantage is that crude oil is nonflammable. If you throw a lighted match into a tank of Diesel oil fuel it merely goes out. Many improvements must still be made, for a Diesel-driven car cannot be manipulated in traffic with the same ease as a petrol car; but so much progress has been made in the last few years and so many successful motor-ships have been built that the Diesel may well prove to be the engine of the future.

An announcement which has just been made in an engineering paper, to the effect that a new motor-vessel has been launched for Trinity House, spells Diesel with a small d; and this may be taken as a sure sign that this engine is becoming a matter-of-fact thing.



# Arthur Mee's Broadcast

## ENGLAND ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT WAR

*We have looked at the Hundred Years of Peace after Waterloo: What of the years of peace broken by the Great War? What was the sort of life among our people up to the very eve of the war?*

It can hardly be believed that a child's life in England in those days was so full of peril, and that the lives of millions of grown-ups were full of poverty almost to starvation point. We will look at the little ones and the poor ones in the story of our Peace.

There is no wealth but life. There is no future for a nation but in its children. What were we doing with our children when the Great War came?

### National Infanticide

We shrink in horror from the thought of being cruel to a child, but in those days before the war we were murdering children by the thousand while the nation passed by, hardly heeding the few voices crying out against it. Of those who read this survey one-half will not believe it. "You do not really mean it," said a public man to whom I spoke of these things in the days when Zeppelins were dropping bombs and killing hundreds of people in our streets. He believed a Zeppelin had been to England and killed a child, but though all the murdered children of a generation should rise from the dead he would not believe the truth about the way they died. Yet the truth is that three million children were killed in the generation before the Great War by conditions of life which may be described as a Social Zeppelin.

*It must be said, however terrible it may sound, that the great wealth of this country has been built up in part on National Infanticide.*

The facts are not open to doubt for those who study them; they will cause no surprise to those who know what drink and slums and low wages and child labour mean. The conditions of life last century for millions of people in England were not worth fighting for or living for.

Every year a million babies were born to us, and every year a hundred thousand of them died. Another fifty thousand, braving the perils of their first year, died before it was time to go to school. In the best of all possible worlds some of these must die, but half of these died of sin and ignorance and neglect, and the nation did not care.

It is only in our own time that a British Government has been persuaded to ask for effective notice to be given to the nation when a child is born.

### One Terrible Truth

Amid all the glory and power of these islands stands out one terrible truth: we allowed to grow up a social condition that cut down life as a knife cuts chaff. It was still true of one of the greatest cities in England on the eve of the war that in one part of it little children died five times as fast as in another part. In one part of this city there existed the best conditions that could be found in a great town, and out of a hundred babies born only six died in one year; but in the black part of this town the deaths in a hundred were not six but thirty.

Consider what this means. It means that two sets of conditions prevailing side by side in an English town represented a slaughter of innocent life that no deathrate in war can match. If the conditions of the whole country had been as bad as in the black part of Birmingham in those days the deaths of babies

under one year old would have been 330,000 in a year. If the conditions of the whole country were as good as in the best part of Birmingham, the deaths would be less than 70,000.

*We allowed to exist in the midst of England a social condition which killed children five times as fast as they need die.*

The Black Birmingham rate of infanticide throughout the nation would have killed a baby every two minutes.

If we take the worst ten infanticide towns in those days and compare them with ten other towns much the same in population, we find that two babies died in the black towns for one in the others. *Good government cut the deathrate in two.*

If you really believe in government you can save your children. If you leave it to the private interests you can bury them. You can have Cradle Government or Coffin Government, as you please. My friend Norman Angell has often told us that there was once a sanitation scheme in China which threatened to save lives in thousands, but the distribution of shares in a Coffin Trust stopped all this Western excitement and restored the Eastern calm. We have had no Coffin Trust in this country, but we have even now, long after the war and all its revelations, men who live in palaces on profits wrung from slums.

### Our Annual Waste of Life

If all our babies died at the rate of our blackest towns before the war, we should lose 60,000 more a year than we do; if they died at the rate of ten of the healthier towns we should lose 30,000 less than we do. Our annual waste of life when the war ended was a great deal over 50,000 children under five. British social conditions, that is to say, killed a child under school age every ten minutes. Of, if you will, *our British Social Zeppelin killed a thousand children every week on their way to school.*

We have learned much and done much since then, but it was the war which opened our eyes. Infant mortality among the poor was sometimes four times as high as among the middle classes and the rich. It was proved that where fathers earned less than a pound a week the children died half as fast again as in homes with more than a pound a week. It was proved that children died three times as fast in slums as in good houses. It was proved that in towns badly governed children died in terrible numbers. The nation paid for its sins with the lives of its children, for the men with low wages gave their labour plus their children's lives; tenants of slums paid their rent plus their children's lives; ratepayers in bad towns paid their rates plus their children's lives.

It is about 2000 years since Herod, and the Great War burst upon the world before England was ashamed of him.

### The Ocean of Poverty

And what of our poor in those days of Peace? Words are poor cold things sometimes, and Poverty is like a stone. For those who know what it means the thought of a family below the poverty line is like the thought of people gasping for breath to keep alive, like the thought of people drowning. But the ocean of poverty gives its victims notice and drowns them slowly.

Not many years before the war there were found in this country about twelve million hungry people. In one year five men died, leaving £25,000,000, and in

that year the paupers in our work-houses would have made a procession from Canterbury to Edinburgh.

In every day of peace about a million people were dependent on charity. One-third of all the deaths from tuberculosis took place in the workhouse; so ground down by poverty were they that they had not a place of their own to die in. *Our people were better off in war than ever they had been in peace.*

So we mortgaged the future and sowed the seeds of all our social problems. We allowed conditions to exist which robbed the poor not only of the means of happiness, but of life itself. We allowed to grow up a condition of things in which millions struggled from morning till night for the right to be living.

### The First Great Need

Perhaps it has not occurred to you that the very air the poor should breathe is not free. Nature has put it everywhere as the vehicle of life. From it come the elements that renew all living things. For men or women, plants or animals, air is the first great need, and it pours from the bountiful hand of Nature pure and free for all. *But how do we let it reach our poor?*

We foul the air and rob them of the vital need of life. In thousands of streets in these islands pure air does not exist. We have built houses like boxes in courts and alleys that are simply graves to die in. We have allowed them to stand, the shame of these islands, until sometimes they have tumbled down and killed the people in them, or until the Thames has flooded and drowned the people in their beds.

People living in one room die three times as fast as people living in three rooms. In an experiment in Glasgow a one-room deathrate was 39 per thousand and a three-room rate 14. Three consumptives die in one-roomed houses for every one in a three-roomed house.

### A Million Unfit Men

And to those who do not die, what have these slums to give? They give disease and misery, weak brains, weak joints, weak muscles, and little stunted bodies. The nation that did not care for citizens found out these things too late when the call for soldiers came. Boys brought up in one room lose height and weight. Forty years ago, in a thousand recruits for the Army, 285 were 5 feet 7; five years later the 285 had fallen to 209; in five years more it was 198; in another five it was 184; and by that time the number of men two inches smaller had nearly doubled. In the first months of the Great War over a million men were rejected as unfit.

There is something to make us blush in the thought that men whose bodies had been weakened and stunted by their country should be willing to lay down their lives for her sake. It is pitiful to think that thousands of them had better homes in the trenches of Flanders than in the sunless alleys of their Motherland. Do thousands of children come into the world to gasp for life in a slum, to go to school hungry for a year or two, to pick up a little food, a little slang, and a little arithmetic; to stand in steaming factories; to wear their bodies out like cattle on the land, to live in rows of dirty houses or in little blocks of stuffy rooms, and then to die?

Are they really sent into the world, these people of Freedom's Own Island,

to minister to our pleasures, to build up our fortunes as if they were moles or worms or dumb-driven sheep? Was it really impossible in the peace before the war to distribute our wealth with humanity as war conditions made us do? One-third of our income was in the pockets of one-thirtieth of our population, half of it in the hands of one-ninth.

### The Tragic Armies of Despair

And so the poverty of this rich land was gnawing at an empire's heart. It was calculated from our social statistics that in twenty years five million working-men who tried to save for sickness and old age gave up the struggle. They gave up hope and sank in the sea that receives the tragic armies of despair.

How long were these things to be? There were more people living overcrowded in the British Isles than the population of the boundless spaces of Australia. Land is still cheaper than linoleum, yet there were not and are not enough houses fit to live in. Such common needs as fresh air, clean water, and pure milk were as rare as gold among masses of our poor. There were not enough boots in England to go round when the war began; there was not enough bread to feed our little ones.

It is one of the good results of the change brought by the war that none of us will defend these things; but in the long peace which was so tragically broken men were unmoved by them. Those who cried out that we should send our men to storm the German trenches were willing to draw their dividends from slums. The nation did not care. It was stirred to pity by the sight of pain, yet in the name of liberty it gave a licence to disease. It saw two hundred people dying every day from a disease of poverty and dirt, saw them creeping to their graves four hundred thousand strong, enlisting conscripts as they went. It spent £30,000,000 a year in prolonging their unhappy lives or patching up their feeble frames; and we know now that with its war bill for a week it could have banished this tuberculosis for ever from the land. We spent £10,000,000 a year for fifty years on poverty-stricken people crammed up in our workhouses; in the two generations before the war we spent in bolstering up our paupers not less than £750,000,000. We spent £40,000,000 on five days of the war, but never yet was our nation so brave as to spend £40,000,000 on a five-years war to banish tuberculosis.

### For Lack of Knowledge

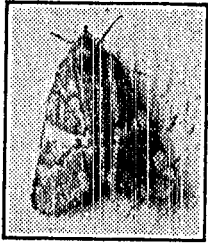
Things are getting better, but still we fold our arms while death and disease and ignorance stalk through the land like plague. Civilisation, which has largely made disease, can largely destroy it if it will. It is mostly the hideous offspring of poverty and neglect. In forty years epidemic disease could be abolished, yet still our children grow in thousands in foul slums. We build our hospitals, we set up great insurance schemes, yet still it is possible for men to grow rich by hindering the efforts of those who would have the nation at its healthiest and best. For lack of knowledge the people perish, yet is there anywhere a quack who is not at liberty to deceive them and entrap them?

*It was the war which swept much of this shame away and changed the world so that these things must end.*

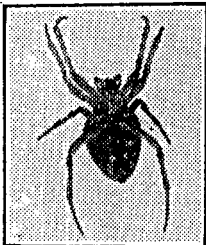
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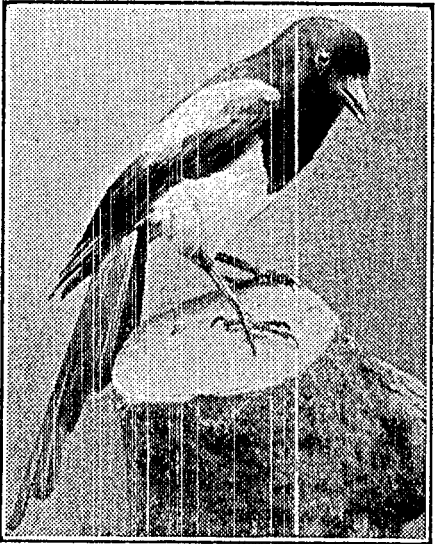
## NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



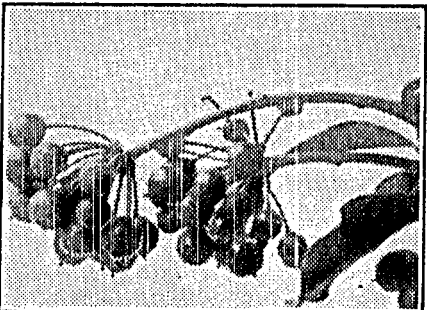
The orange underwing moth lays its eggs on birch and beech trees



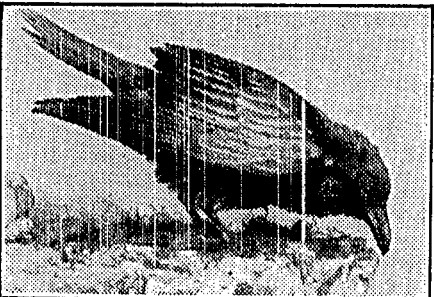
The common garden spider begins to spin its web



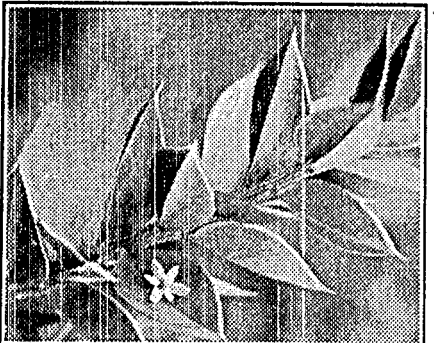
The magpie is now building its nest of sticks and mud plastered with mud



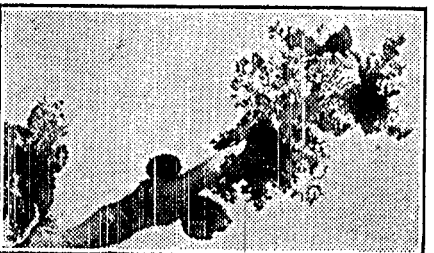
The berries of the ivy, unlike those of most other wild plants, ripen in early spring



The raven is beginning to nest in Scotland



The flowers of butcher's broom are appearing



The black buds of the ash break into blossom long before the leaves appear

## THE TWO OLD BOATS A Windermere Discovery RACERS OF LONG AGO

By a Windermere Correspondent

Not so long ago an old boathouse was pulled down on the shores of Windermere.

It had not been opened for 40 or 50 years, and in it were discovered two ancient sailing-boats at least 200 years old. They were sturdily built, each frame cut out of solid wood from the larch trees growing on Furness Fells.

The rowlocks are from a design which in its craftiness and utility puzzles the experts, who have never met it before; and the oars are heavily weighted with lead, difficult to lift. The rudders are set high up, so high that a small platform is fixed for the steersman. The larger boat has been soaked with oil, and is in

### Free Rail Travel For Filling in a Map

ARE you filling in the blanks? In the Book of the Southern Railway given away with the C.N. dated February 23 there are forty spaces to be filled in with Poster Stamps. Four more of these are given with this week's C.N., and readers can now see what a beautiful picture gallery the complete collection will make.

Then there are the forty places mentioned in the Album whose names and positions are to be placed correctly on the outline map, which can be easily detached from the Album. Do not forget that there are free trips for the readers who send in the best maps. The prizes total 100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel, and successful entrants will be able to take friends with them.

If you have not received a copy of the Album, ask your newsagent to obtain a copy of the C.N. dated February 23, which contained the Album and the first four Poster Stamps. Four stamps have appeared each week since and four more will be given with next week's issue. Order your copy now.

such fine condition that it is going to be used on the lake by Sea Scouts.

The smaller boat, because of its originality and greater age, has been sent to the South Kensington Museum.

The writer can testify to the beauty of this sturdy old craft, sitting so low and beautifully in the water. The copper had been roughly and brutally torn from the bottom by some low fellow not in love with boats.

Altogether these boats are probably the finest that have ever sailed on Windermere. They took part in Mr Bolten's famous regatta for the Poets, and there can be little doubt that the well-beloved Christopher North handled the little sea-boat, and jeered at the boats so far behind. A fine sight they must have been, racing down the lake past the landmark of Snuggler's Temple. It is good to know that these boats are staying with us, and that one boat is remaining on the lake where it was built.

### LONDON UNIVERSITY

London University has in its colleges about 18,000 students, 377 professors and readers, 883 other teachers, and about 12,000 outside students.

It celebrates its centenary next year, when part of its new home at Bloomsbury will be ready for occupation.

A comedian has been fined for making improper jokes on the stage.

## WORK WAITING FOR MEN Why Not Do It?

An answer given in Parliament illustrates the curious official reluctance to get work done even while so many people are unemployed.

The First Commissioner of Works was asked on what date it was proposed to begin the tidying-up of the areas in the old Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park formerly covered by glasshouses, so that the public might enjoy them as flower gardens or lawns.

The Minister replied that the funds available for the improvement of the Inner Circle Gardens are limited, and added: "I am afraid that during the next financial year I shall be compelled to concentrate on the south and west sides of the Gardens, but if sufficient money can be found I may be able to begin work on the area referred to."

But to pay this particular money as wages would save paying money for unemployment benefit.

It is precisely one of those pieces of public work which could be carried out under the scheme we outlined the other day, costing just nothing.

### WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

Velimir Yokitch, a Serbian peasant, is a new kind of Rip Van Winkle.

Like Rip, he was of a cheerful disposition, and it might be taken as a rather suspicious circumstance that not till the Christmas festivities were over he was, three years ago, seized with a sudden depression.

Like wise men in similar circumstances he went to bed; unlike them, he went on sleeping for three years on end. The only sign of an awakening in that time was that he roused himself to take his meals when his family insisted on it.

Last October they wakened him to tell him of the assassination of King Alexander. This tragic announcement reduced him to a depression only to be compared with that at the beginning of his slumbers. After long weeping he woke up completely, made a pilgrimage, still weeping, to the king's burial-place, and has now become not only his own man again, but the man of the new King Peter, to whom he has taken the oath of allegiance.

### THE UMBRELLA FRONT

All is not well, we hear, on the German Umbrella Front.

When the larger part of a nation goes into uniform the umbrella loses its place in the hearts of the people, as well as over their heads.

It looks ridiculous with a uniform and so goes out of fashion.

The sale of umbrellas has so declined in Nazi Germany that 150,000 people in the umbrella industry have been thrown out of work. They are discussing ways and means to bring the umbrella into its own again.

### ENGLAND OUTSIDE LONDON

By Mr Baldwin

What I always feel about London is that they know very little of the England outside.

If I go into a club and meet a man who spends most of his life in London I find that he knows no more about the North, the Midlands, the industrial areas of Scotland, and the people who live there, than he knows of the inhabitants of Timbuctoo. London politically is too big.

One of the principal squares in Jerusalem is to be named after Sir Herbert Samuel.

The Welfare Society has collected over £7000 in pennies for East Ham Memorial Hospital.

The L.C.C. is to appoint 123 additional elementary school teachers at an estimated cost of £30,000 a year.



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**CLIFF BASTIN**, world-famous Arsenal star forward is 22 years old. At 14 he was a schoolboy international; at 15 an amateur with his home club—Exeter City. In securing him for the Arsenal, the late Herbert Chapman took what is generally believed to be a £2,800 gamble—and won.

In his first season for the Arsenal, when only 17 years old, Bastin secured a cup winner's medal. Since then he has been capped against Scotland, Ireland and Wales, figured prominently in all the interleague duels, and received three championship medals.

## To-day's pace... in work as well as sport... demands a tonic breakfast like Grape-Nuts!

"The Food you eat is a very important matter in the question of training," says Cliff Bastin, the famous international footballer, "that's why I like to start the day with a good plate of Grape-Nuts. It's the finest breakfast for nourishment and nervous energy I've ever discovered, and it keeps me going through the hardest day's work or play." That's why Grape-Nuts is such a wonderful food

for everybody—all the goodness of malted barley and whole wheat, highly nourishing, easily digested—it builds up energy, puts pep into your step. Crisp and crunchy, it strengthens your teeth and gums as you chew it—the most delicious breakfast you ever tasted, with milk or cream. Easy to serve and economical, Grape-Nuts costs less than 1d. a day. Sold at all grocers.

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## VICK LOZENGES

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With the Samoyeds and  
Chukchees of Siberia

### A PLANT WITH 40 NAMES

We give here notes on some of the interesting things to be broadcast to schools next week from the National Transmitter.

#### Monday

**2.5.** In the Gardening series Dr Keen will describe how plants multiply themselves by the production of seeds. He will deal with the different parts of the flower bud and the processes of pollination and fertilisation.

**2.30.** We are to hear from Professor Eileen Power about the Golden Age of China. In the seventh century China was re-united under the T'ang emperors. The emperor Ming Huang of the eighth century is remembered chiefly for the poets and painters who met at his Court and the makers of magnificent pottery and porcelain. It was during the T'ang dynasty that printing and paper money were invented.

#### Tuesday

**11.30.** Mr Bosworth Goldman is to describe the Southern Samoyed, who live on the Steppes of Siberia, in a country of dense forests. They are dependent almost entirely on rivers for getting about. In summer they hunt in the forest and fish in the rivers, collecting food for the winter when everything is frozen.

**2.5.** The familiar names of the coltsfoot among country dwellers number at least forty. Here are some of them: tinder-leaf, poor-man's-tobacco, coughwort, one o'clock, dummy-leaves, and son-before-the-father. Mr Richard Morse will tell us something of this interesting plant.

#### Wednesday

**2.5.** We are to hear from Miss Rhoda Power of Captain Cook and some of his voyages. He it was who discovered that New Zealand was made up of two islands and who explored a large part of the eastern and north-eastern coasts of Australia.

**2.30.** Mr S. P. B. Mais's talk will be entitled Fiction: Telling a Story. This talk will give practical hints on writing a story so that it holds its readers.

#### Thursday

**11.30.** Today's broadcast in the Districts of England series will be a dramatic interlude written by Mary Dormer Harris and entitled The Bear and the Ragged Staff. The scenes will be laid in Warwick Castle during the Wars of the Roses, and we shall hear of that famous Earl of Warwick, Richard Neville, who was known as the King-maker.

**2.30.** In her third talk on Food Professor Cullis will tell how the body makes use of the food it absorbs. The muscles burn sugar to obtain energy and the oxygen necessary for burning is taken into the blood through the lungs.

#### Friday

**2.5.** Mr V. W. Elphick will describe the Fur Trade of Eastern Siberia. In the south there are mountains and forests, but in the north there is nothing but snow desert. The Russians live in villages of wooden houses, but the Chukchees farther north live in skin tents. Mr Elphick will describe the reindeer herds and the dog sledges which make the eight-week journey to the sable-hunting ground.

Newfoundland has been swept by an influenza epidemic.

German troops are asked to eat more mutton to encourage sheep farming.

Of 50 candidates for the position of B.B.C. announcer in three years all but one failed to pronounce the name of the opera Gianni Schicchi (Janny Skikky).

## VENUS AND URANUS IN CONJUNCTION

The Little World Ceres  
Passes Close To Castor

### A CHANCE TO SEE IT

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Venus, now such a lovely object in the west of an evening, will appear to pass close to Uranus on Friday next, March 22, these two worlds then being very little more than the apparent width of the Moon apart on this and the preceding evening of March 21.

The lingering twilight and the low altitude of these planets by the time the sky gets dark is likely to prevent Uranus being perceptible to the naked eye; field-glasses will therefore be needed, as Uranus is only a little below sixth magnitude.

The later observation is made the better so as to obtain a darker sky; therefore, since both planets set about 9 o'clock, the best time to look will be between 7.30 and 8; then a glimpse of Uranus will be assured if the sky is clear. Fortunately the Moon will be out of the way and the opportunity will extend to between three and four evenings.

To aid in identifying Uranus the accompanying star-map shows his position relative to Venus and the neighbouring stars as seen in the field of view of the glasses.

Of the four stars in the vicinity of the planets the one marked 54 will appear brighter than Uranus, while the other three will be almost as bright.

Omicron, some distance away, is much brighter and perceptible to the naked eye.

While Venus will be at about the position shown on Friday evening she will, owing to her rapid movement, appear very close to the star 54 on the preceding Thursday evening, and on the following Saturday evening Venus should be found at a corresponding distance to the left, near the star 26. She will be still farther away by the Sunday evening; thus it will be seen that Venus will soon travel away to the left.

Very little more will be seen of Uranus, as he is now receding to far beyond and behind the Sun, from which he will reappear in the autumn; at present Uranus is about 1860 million miles distant, his proximity to Venus being only apparent since she is but 133 million miles away.

Venus is approaching us and her brilliance will continue to increase; thus she will remain a glorious object of an evening until August next, when she will share the western sky with Mars and Jupiter.

The minor planet Ceres may also be easily found toward the end of the week, when the Moon is not present; powerful field-glasses will be necessary, for she is now of only 7½ magnitude. Ceres now appears very close to the bright star Castor, which is very high up in the south between 8 and 9 o'clock. The position of this star was shown in the star-map of Gemini in the C.N. for December 29 together with a description of Ceres.

This little world, now about 185 million miles away, will during next week pass within half the Moon's apparent width above Castor, its progress being shown by the arrow of the field of view as seen through the glasses.

Ceres may thus be followed for the next two or three weeks. G. F. M.



The position of Uranus relative to Venus on Friday evening, March 22

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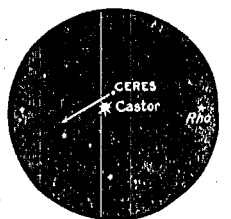
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The position of Ceres relative to Castor



# HIGH TIDE A Cave Mystery

## What Has Happened Before

Dick, who lives with his brother, a railway surveyor, at Villadonga on the north coast of Spain, goes out fishing with a fisherman named Pablo.

They anchor the boat off The Cave of the Angels, a natural grotto in the cliffs. The anchor gets caught by something small; it is a skull. Dick is greatly excited, but Pablo will not discuss the matter.

Neither will his little Spanish friend Lola; but when she dares him to spend a night in the cave he accepts the challenge.

Waiting in the dark cave, staring out to sea, Dick is surprised by a high, powerful scream as a great black object, like a submarine, cuts through the waves.

## CHAPTER 7

### The Search

STROLLING back to the quay, Captain Olazábal found Pablo waiting for him. Pablo, knowing the local waters better than anyone else, acted as a sort of non-official pilot for the port on the rare occasions when any strange craft visited it.

"Good-morning, captain," said Pablo. "How do you do?"

"Well, I thank you," answered the captain firmly. "And yourself?"

"Well, thanks be to God."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Pablo Candelas, at your disposition," said Pablo.

"Olazábal of Zumaya, who seeks only to be of service to you," replied the captain, not to be outdone in politeness by any barbarous Asturian.

The ceremonies now being duly completed, Pablo exploded:

"Captain, half an hour ago I'd have been with you. Am I not Pablo Candelas, who will help his fellows up to the last drop of his blood? But some robber, the son of a robber, whose mother was a stupendous dog, and whose grandmother defiled her grey hairs with banditry, has stolen my boat! What a life! As the song says, one mystery is followed by another. Now let me hear, captain! Ay! This villainous mother of ours, the sea—what has she done now?"

The captain told him. Pablo cross-examined him in questions which, for all their eloquence and profanity, showed that he knew his coast. Before long Olazábal was treating him with that respect which a ship's captain only gives to a skilled pilot. They looked a reckless pair; Pablo, short and swarthy, with gold rings in his ears, had all the swagger of a pirate; Olazábal, tall, massive, and grey-eyed, had the calm confidence of a man who is sure of his physical force.

As they talked Pablo saw Lola running from the direction of the cliffs; running, running over the bridge and on, staggering, utterly spent, down the village street, until she collapsed in his arms. He laid her on a pile of brown nets, his arm under her head. As she fought to get back her breath, she looked like a long, silver, graceful fish gasping out its life.

"Who is she?" asked Olazábal.

"The Countess of Ribadasella," answered Pablo. "The little flower of our country."

Lola opened her eyes.

"He's caught on the lee-shore," she panted, "off the Cave of the Angels. Hurry, Pablo!"

"Who's caught?"

"Ricardito. Quick! Quick! I'll explain as we go. Let's take this big boat."

She sprang to her feet and jumped into the Erreguina. Olazábal looked at her in admiration.

He snapped a crisp order in Basque. The mooring rope splashed on to the water. The engine throbbed into life. Olazábal and Pablo vaulted over the edge of the quay into the already moving boat.

Before they were halfway down the river Lola had told the whole story—how she had taken Pablo's boat and sailed to The Cave of the Angels, and how on her way back by land she had run up to the edge of the cliff to see how Dick was faring in the rising wind.

"When he couldn't make Offering Key," she said, "he went about and ran back along the coast. He was being driven nearer and nearer to the cliffs, and when I saw I couldn't help him I ran to find you. Has he got a chance, Pablo?"

"How long is it since you saw him?" asked the fisherman.

"Less than an hour ago."

"An hour, and another hour before we can reach him—even I, Pablo Candelas, could not keep afloat once I was on the

## Serial Story by Geoffrey Household

ledge in a north-west gale. Be brave, Condesita."

The Erreguina was out of the river now, and plunging madly. She was slightly larger than the other boats of the Zumayan fishing fleet. She had a deckhouse just forward of the engine containing tiny cabins for Olazábal and his engineer. On top of it was a bridge and the wheel. The broad stern was decked over for a distance of about 12 feet, forming cramped but comfortable quarters for the crew of five. Otherwise, she was just a long, open boat. Her funnel and upper works were pale orange, and the hull olive green.

Olazábal ordered full speed, and even Pablo held his breath as the launch swooped dizzily down into the trough of a wave looking as if she must surely go through, and not over, the next one. But this was the weather for which ugly little Erreguina had been designed. She revelled in it.

Opposite the narrow strait which separated Offering Key from the mainland Olazábal raised his eyebrows, looking an unspoken question at Pablo.

"Hard a starboard!" yelled Pablo. "We'll put her through!"

He went to the wheel, which Olazábal instantly gave up to him.

"Dead slow!" commanded Pablo.

"Dead slow!" repeated the engineer.

The strait was sown with jagged rocks, and so narrow that Lola often swam across it in calm weather to lie in the sun on Offering Key. In storm it seethed with mad, white water. So impossible was the passage that Dick, although he could not get round the Key, had never even thought of attempting the strait.

Lola covered her eyes. Olazábal lit a pipe and sat watching Pablo. Erreguina shuddered and quivered as the current tore her this way and that. A line of black rock and white water closed the passage halfway through. Pablo swung the boat broadside on to the current.

"Slow astern!"

"Slow astern!" echoed the engineer.

Erreguina tore down on the rocks, backing all the while toward the mainland. In an instant she was between two lines of spouting water.

"Full ahead!" ordered Pablo.

Erreguina dashed toward Offering Key, Pablo fighting to keep her straight between the reefs. With the bows almost touching the Key, he span the wheel and put her hard a starboard. There was a horrible rasping sound as a rock tore a sliver of wood off the planking, but Erreguina shot through the gap, and out into the open sea.

"I suppose fishermen don't live very long in Asturias," said Olazábal as he took over the wheel again.

"It saved us twenty minutes," replied Pablo, "and I'm pretty fond of this Ricardito. As the song says, friendship knows neither age nor nation."

"Man, don't think I'm complaining!" answered Olazábal. "I was just interested, that's all!"

Erreguina rolled her way along the coasts and was soon opposite The Cave of the Angels. "Can I take her in any closer?" the captain asked.

"Better not," answered Pablo. "Give me your glasses. If there's hair or hide of him to be seen I'll make it out from here. And don't think I'm forgetting the San José. It's a likely place for her bones. Things get swept in this direction," he added grimly.

Pablo searched the coast with the glasses. There was no sign of Dick, but it surprised him that there was no wreckage. Then Lola, who had been watching the water closer to, cried: "Look!"

Pablo followed the direction of her outstretched, trembling arm. There, heaving up and down on the waves, was a mast with a bit of torn sail attached to it. Olazábal ran up alongside, and the crew hauled it aboard.

"Is it?" asked Lola.

Pablo nodded.

"Poor Ricardito!" he said.

They cruised up and down the coast for two hours more. Meanwhile search parties had reached the spot by land and were climbing about the cliffs looking for Dick.

At last the Erreguina headed out to sea to speak to the fishing fleet. The other captains intended to return to Zumaya, but agreed that Olazábal should remain a week or more in Asturian waters to pick up what information he could about the loss of the San José. At three in the afternoon the Erreguina was back at Villadonga. All the way Lola had sat hunched up in the

Continued on the next page



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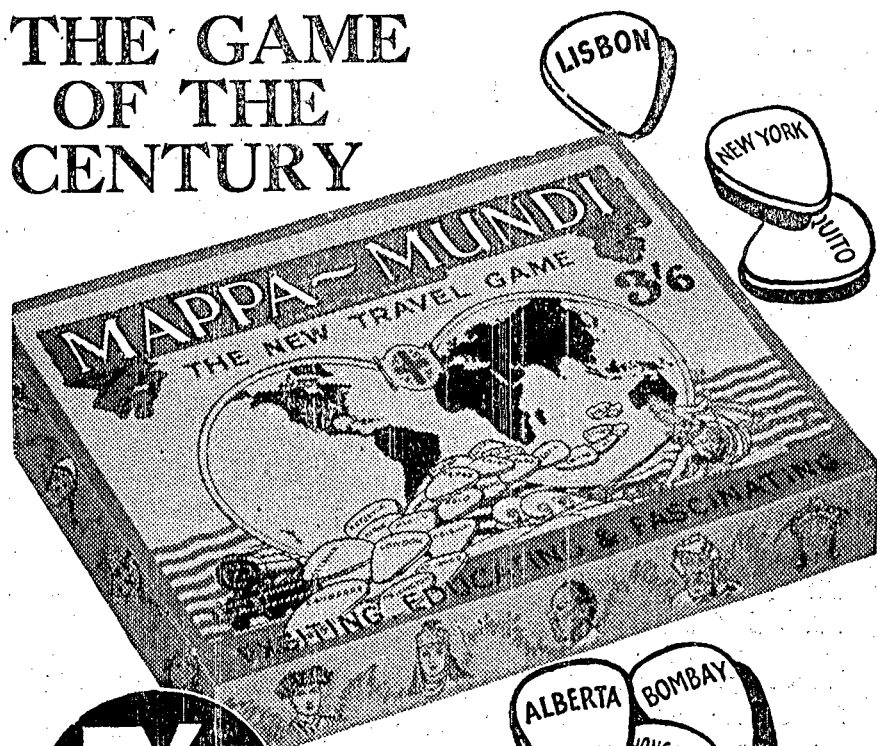
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Continued from the previous page

bows, her head resting on her knees, staring desperately out to sea.

There was a crowd on the quay waiting for their arrival. Paca, her black Sunday mantilla on her head, was weeping loudly and being comforted by Lola's mother. Lola ran to her mother and the two stood side by side and hand in hand, white-faced, dry-eyed, with set, red lips, looking extraordinarily alike.

Hal, back from the mountains, went on board the Erreguina with Father Juan. "Well?" he asked.

"Wrecked!" answered Pablo. "But we haven't found his body, and we've only found the mast of the boat. Maybe we shouldn't give up hope."

## CHAPTER 8

### Pablo Tells the Tale

THE postmaster pushed his way importantly through the crowd of little boys surrounding the Erreguina. "Telegram for you!" he said to Olazábal.

The captain opened it. It read: "Deeply regret loss of San José. Cannot explain yet. Wire exact state of tide at time of foundering. Echegaray."

"The old one knows something," said Olazábal. "But what matters the state of the tide when the San José had 500 fathoms of water under her keel? Hola, Señor Candelás!"

"What is it?" asked Pablo, looking up from a conference with Hal and Father Juan.

"Echegaray wants to know the state of the tide at three this morning. About the top of the spring, wasn't it?"

"Half an hour after the turn."

Olazábal wrote out a reply, and sent it.

"Who's Echegaray?" asked Father Juan. "A shipwright," said Olazábal simply, "and a Basque. His family have built boats ever since there was anyone to sail them."

"The coldness of these Basques!" exclaimed Pablo. "That's all he can find to say of the Echegarays, when everyone knows that the first of the family married a woman of the sea people, and that the toes of every eldest son are webbed like a duck's. On one night of the year a porpoise swims into Bilbao Harbour—"

"What a porpoise!" interrupted the captain. "He must swim in fuel oil and feed on boiler plate!"

"A porpoise swims into Bilbao Harbour," Pablo continued, repeating a tale his grandmother had told him of the Echegarays, and adding to it freely from his own rich imagination, "and takes the eldest Echegaray on his back. And the Echegaray visits all the ships with Basques aboard them, and chases the flying-fish so that they jump out of the water into the pot in the cook's galley. And he visits all the ports where there are Basques in gaol, and brings them water from the Bidasoa to cool their heads."

"And the porpoise?" roared Olazábal. "The porpoise, barbarian?"

"As the song says," replied Pablo, "the best horse cannot carry two riders. The porpoise bought the Harbour Café and stayed ashore from that day on."

They all laughed, even Lola who was listening at the quayside. Pablo meant them to laugh.

"Hal, why don't you go and see Echegaray?" suggested Lola. "He might be able to find Ricardito."

"I'm afraid there isn't much hope, little one," said Hal.

"He isn't dead," Lola cried. "I know it. I'm quite sure. I feel he needs us badly, and I couldn't feel that if he were dead."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom," quoted Father Juan.

"My son, I don't want to give you any hope when all my reason tells me there can be none, but I'd go and see Echegaray if I were you. Captain Olazábal wants to speak to him, I know, and you can go together. Be sure that meanwhile we'll keep up the search for Dick night and day."

"Echegaray can't do anything for Dick," said Hal, "but if I can help the captain to solve his problem I'm at his service."

"Then off with you!" said Father Juan.

"In the Erreguina?" asked Hal.

"Naturally, Señor Garland."

"Not on your life!" Hal exclaimed. "It would take us three days to get there and back. Why don't we call Echegaray on the telephone?"

"He won't use it," replied Olazábal, chuckling. "If you want to see him, you can see him. If you don't want to see him, why talk to him? Thus says Echegaray."

"All right," said Hal. "Then let's get Bilbao airport on the phone."

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO SEARCHES HARD

ONE day while Grandpa Jacko was staying with them he got a letter from the Monkeyville Literary Club asking him to give a lecture on poetry.

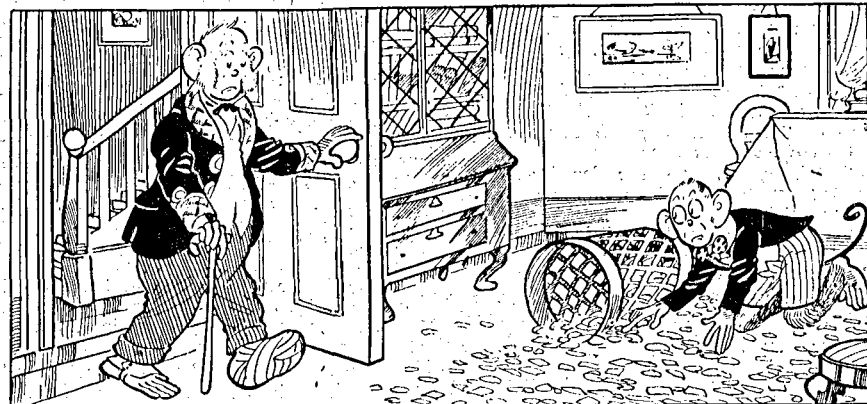
"Bless me, this is quite an honour!" he exclaimed delightedly. "I'll start on my notes tomorrow."

But when the next day came he had a sharp attack of rheumatism, and to his annoyance, Dr Pippin ordered him to stay upstairs.

Jacko campered off, but he wasn't back so quickly this time. Ten minutes went by, while the old gentleman impatiently drummed his fingers.

"What can the boy be doing?" he growled angrily to himself. "Can't he see a book that stares him in the face?"

When five more minutes had passed Grandpa was so cross that he hobbled off downstairs, with many grunts and groans. But on entering the sitting-



"I'm fed up with this job," said Jacko

"Never mind, my dear," said Mother Jacko soothingly, "you can work up here just as well. Jacko can easily fetch all you want."

Grandpa wanted a lot: Paper, pens, ink, and so many books that Jacko thought he would never stop running up and down. "That the lot now?" he asked breathlessly at last.

"Yes, thank you," answered Grandpa Jacko, settling himself in an armchair. "No, it isn't," he added quickly. "Run and look up a poem for me on the snow-drop. You'll find it in 'Fragments,' in the sitting-room."

room he very nearly fell backwards with surprise.

There was Jacko kneeling down, busily searching the wastepaper basket. The floor was littered with bits of paper which he kept frantically tossing about.

"I'm fed up with this job," he grumbled. "Haven't found a single scrap of poetry yet!"

"Sakes alive!" roared Grandpa Jacko. "Whatever are you looking in that basket for?"

Jacko stared back, equally bewildered. "Why," he cried, "you said I should find it in fragments!"





## RECIPE.

4 oz. Self-raising Flour, or 4 oz. Plain Flour and small teaspoon Bi-carbonate of Soda. 4 oz. Bread-crumbs. 4 oz. Shredded 'Atora.' 2 oz. Sugar.  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. Stoned Raisins. Pinch of Salt. 1 Egg and Milk to moisten. :: Cut raisins in half, mix ingredients together, stir in egg beaten up with enough milk to make a soft dough (egg optional). Dip pudding cloth in hot water, flour it, wrap it round the mixture and tie both ends with string. Steam for 2½ hours. Sufficient for 6 to 8 persons.



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### \* "KANGAROO" PACKET FREE!

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### 53,000 BREAKFASTS

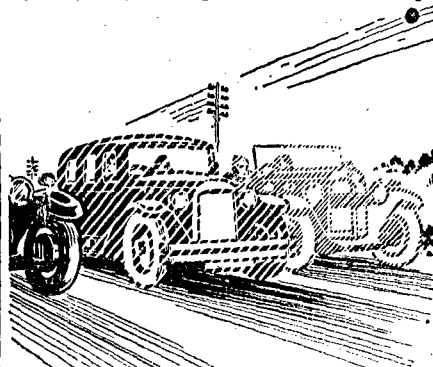
Free, Ample, Satisfying, will be supplied this winter to hungry East End Children. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for ONE meal. 25/- for 100.

How many may we entertain as your guests?  
R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt.,  
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Here's something new for you—

Wilkin's  
**REDBOY NUT ROLLS**  
Assorted (6 varieties)

### SAFETY FIRST!



This is not  
— BUT REMEMBER

**SHARP'S the WORD**  
and  
**SHARP'S the TOFFEE**  
We like best of all.



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Mystery

It's a wonder you ask for, yet who would suppose That the more you take from it the larger it grows? *Answer next week*

### Adjustable

JACK: Our cat is bigger at night than in the daytime.  
Tom: How so?  
Jack: Because it's let out at night and taken in in the morning.

### A Byron Stamp

AN English poet was honoured by a foreign country when Greece issued this stamp to commemorate the centenary of the death of Lord Byron. He died of a fever caught from the Missolonghi marshes while taking part in the Greek War of Independence.



### A Large Face

WHAT has a face but never frowns, Although it has its ups and downs? Nor does it ever smile in mirth, The answer's easy—'tis the Earth!

### Canned Roses

THE canning industry has made big strides in recent years. It is now possible to buy almost every kind of meat and vegetable in cans. But other things are canned besides food. Rose cuttings, for example, sprayed with paraffin wax and packed in air-tight tins, can be preserved and sent long distances from the nurseries to the garden in which they are to be planted out.

### Ici On Parle Français



Le trépied. Le navet. Le trombone.  
tripod. turnip. trombone.

Placez l'appareil sur le trépied.  
J'ai mangé un canard aux navets.  
Je joue du trombone à coulisses.

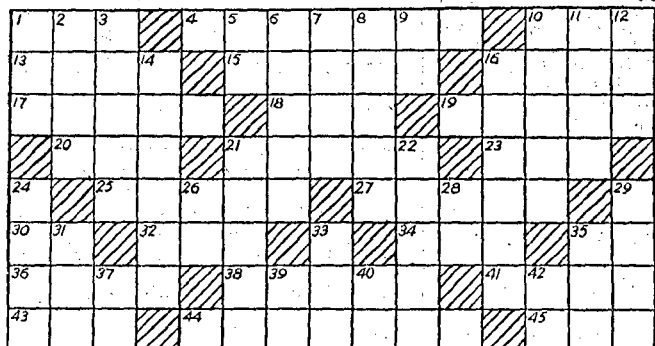
### Ugh!

BILL: It says in this book that a wasp can pull several hundred times its own weight.  
Jack: Hm! I'm far more impressed by the power of its push.

## The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among these clues. *Answer next week.*

**Reading Across.** 1. A salted meat. 4. Promises. 10. This cools the air. 13. Important metal. 15. A weight. 16. A primary colour. 17. A duck noted for its down. 18. Used for lighting. 19. A bird; also a machine. 20. In the fields at early morn. 21. Musical time. 23. Busy insect. 25. An ocean-going ship. 27. To slap. 30. A conjunction. 32. Male child. 34. The finish. 35. An exclamation. 36. Meat is served in this. 38. Savour. 41. A kind of starch. 43. Before. 44. Usual. 45. Came together.



**Reading Down.** 1. To move with haste. 2. Dry. 3. To shape. 5. Lord Chamberlain. 6. Keen. 7. One-sixteenth of an ounce. 8. Pants violently. 9. French for and. 10. The side of anything. 11. Father's sister. 12. Born. 14. Somewhat fresh. 16. Marks for identification. 21. Rigid. 22. A musical drama. 24. Expansive. 26. Negative. 23. Indefinite article. 29. A marksman. 31. A coniferous tree. 33. Monkey. 35. Length of life. 37. Compass point. 39. Indefinite article. 40. Heraldic term for gold. 42. Before noon.\*

## He'll Win Unless You Win!



ALASKAN Trappers never care To meet, unarmed, the Grizzly Bear.

They know this shuffling plantigrade Is not too easily afraid:



He'll hug them till they lose their breath, Indeed, he'll hug them clean to death.

And that he loves a wrestling match To see if they'll 'come up to scratch':



His one idea concerning Man Is just one round of Catch-as-can.



So, if you stumble on a Bruin, Remember he'll win unless you win!

### When Noise Is Good

A VERY talkative young man of the know-all variety was watching the arrivals and departures at Croydon Aerodrome.

Four planes were drawn up on the tarmac and the noise of their engines was deafening.

"What a din!" bawled young know-all. "I can hardly hear myself talking."

"Don't worry," remarked a long-suffering bystander, "you are not missing much."

### Beheaded Word

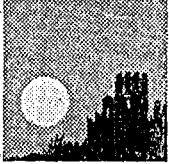
WHEN o'er the wave the vessel flies Her mast and sails my whole sustain;  
Behead, though great my length and size I move with swiftness o'er the plain;  
Again behead, come when I will, The farmer frets and grumbles still.

*Answer next week*

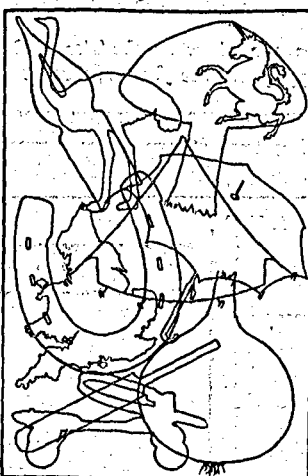
### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, Mars and Neptune are in the South-East.

In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, March 20.



### Poster Stamp Picture Puzzle



ELEVEN familiar outlines are superimposed in this drawing. Having recognised what they are write down their names in such order that the initial letters spell one of the towns in the C.N. Poster Stamp Album of the Southern Railway.

*Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### Father and Son

15½ years ago the father was three times as old as the son, their respective ages being 55½ and 18½. Three years hence the father will be twice as old as the son, their ages then being 74 and 37 respectively.

#### Poster Stamp Picture Puzzle

SEAT, coSTER, oBOe, cURI, kiNEma—Eastbourne.

#### Enigma. A spider's web

## Bobby Jumps

JUST the day for trying my new kite! said Bobby, when he looked out of the window and saw the trees bending before the wind. "I'll go to the common."

The common was a jolly place. It slopes down a steep hill and there was plenty of room to play; and, better still, there were no notices saying Keep off the grass!

The kite was a big one, box shaped, and rather difficult to handle; at least, Bobby found it so when he tried to send it up.

"Try coming down with it," called a friendly man who saw the boy's trouble. "Carry it to the top, and then you will have the wind right for flying it," he added.

Bobby said, "Thank you. I will."

He trudged up the steep hill, and when at last he reached the top he let out his string, and was delighted to feel the tug of the kite.

"That's more like it!" he cried, as he started to run down the grassy slope.

The kite was helping him along—helping him too much, as he soon found, for he was rushing so fast that soon he could not stop.

"And there's a nasty steep place just ahead," he thought. "Whatever shall I do? If I let go the string and roll on the grass I shall lose my kite, and perhaps get hurt too."

All at once he saw that he was rushing straight on to a white tablecloth, on which a picnic lunch was spread.

There was only one thing he could do to prevent himself from wrecking that picnic. He gave a great leap into the air, felt the mighty tug of the kite string at his wrist, and managed, only just in time, to tuck up his legs under him. He had only just cleared the cloth and the people sitting round when the string broke. He fell with a bump, and then went rolling on down the hillside.

As he slowed down and scrambled to his feet he found that the stranger who had spoken to him earlier in the morning had come to see if he were hurt. "No bones broken, I hope! Upon my word! You are a resourceful fellow! I never thought you would be able to dodge us."

"Sorry," said Bobby, with his eye on a speck in the sky.

"No hope," he thought. Soon it would be gone for ever.

His friend looked at the kite too. "Sit down and get your wind," he said kindly. "I'll sprint on down the hill and try to recover it for you."

"Oh, will you?" said Bobby. "Thanks so much."

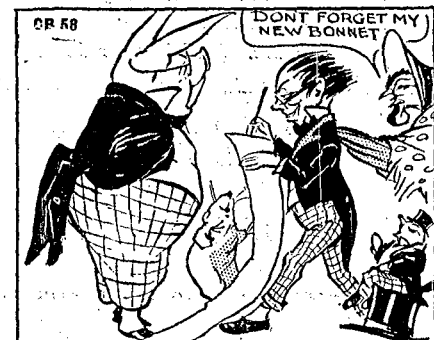
And sure enough in less than no time the precious kite was safely in his hands.

# THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

## Gussie's Great Flight



"Oh! Look!" cried Henrietta Fussy-feathers, "an invitation from Jonathan to go to his party. I can't go in these old clothes." "Nor can I," said Pie Porker, "Gussie Robin fly round to Mr. Tailor and ask him to call."



Gussie was soon back with Mr. Tailor, who was very pleased to receive such large orders. It's a good thing he wrote them down. What a long list it made, what with clothes, and colours, and measurements!



All measured except Pie Porker! Mr. Tailor couldn't reach round him! "I know!" cried Gussie. "Hold one end of the tape, Mr. Tailor, and I'll fly round Mr. Porker and meet you!" Wasn't he clever?

## There's a Cococub

in every tin of

## The CHILDREN'S

## Bournville Cocoa

Look out for the Cococub Toys in their new clothes.